No. 175
June '75
33230

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SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

NUMBER 175 JUNE 1975

MAD

"Today, it takes more brains and effort to make out the Income Tax Form than it does to make the income!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

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DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—June, 1975, Volume 1, No. 175 Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: In U.S.A., 20 issues $10.00. Outside U.S.A., 20 issues $12.50. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1975 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

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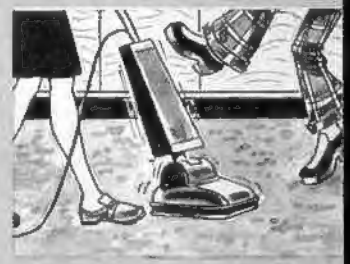

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LOSS LEADER!

Yep, we're at a loss trying to explain why our cloddish leader ordered so many of these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, which just aren't selling even though they're great for lining garbage cans or for training puppies! So help us out... because our loss is our Gaines! Send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

MAD RUSSIAN ROULETTE

I recently went to Moscow, and I had a copy of your so-called magazine in my suitcase. After much looking by two Soviet officials, it was confiscated and I was told it was not allowed in the country. So . . . "You Really Know You've Made It When . . . you're confiscated by the Russians!"

Linda Harris
Malibu, Calif.

We suspect the enterprising Russian Customs Inspectors then sold it on the Red Market!—Ed.

ANNUAL REPORTS TO FAMILY MEMBERS

I thought your "Annual Reports To Family Members" was such a good idea, I suggested it to my family. I'm now spending $75.00 a week for a motel room. Thanks!

David Hovis
Keyser, W. Va.

MAGAZINES FOR WAITING ROOMS

Your article on "Specialized Magazines For Office Waiting Rooms" reminded me about my recent visit to a psychiatrist. I changed my mind and left when I saw a copy of MAD in his waiting room.

David Wile
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia,
Canada

KOJERK

Kogen's "Kojerk" was a hair-razoring experience!!

Steve Stein
Montreal, Quebec
Canada

I laughed so hard while reading "Kojerk," I choked on my lollipop!

Dwight Marden
Salem, N.H.

"Kojerk" was all Greek to me!"

Ric Truax
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

MAD LOOK AT MODEL-BUILDING

Sergio Aragonés' "A MAD Look At Model-Building" puts it all together!

Jeff Stout
Mountain City, Tenn.

After reading Sergio Aragonés' "A MAD Look At Model-Building," I'm convinced your Mexican MADman has come unglued!

Eugenia King
Baton Rouge, La.

CHINACLOWN

Jack Nicholson's "Chinatown" took on a new slant via Siegel and Drucker. Great jokes from such lichee nuts grow!

Barbara King
Baton Rouge, La.

Your satire on "Chinatown" lacked the sting and insanity of your usual movie mow-downs. What's the matter? Are you guys turning YELLOW?

David F. Lynch
Drexel Hill, Pa.

"Carnal Knowledge" was "Five Easy Pieces" as compared to your tactful handling of "Chinatown." Mort Drucker and your writers seem to know Jack Nicholson to "The Last Detail."

Nora Sheehan
Rumson, N.J.

Mort Drucker does consistently perceptive likenesses of Jack Nicholson. It's apparent he must have a vast file on this star. Just how far back does his Nicholson research go?

Tania St. Jean
Derby, Conn.

As far back as Nicholson's graduation photo and write-up in his yearbook at Wall Township High School, N.J.—Ed.

JOHN NICHOLSON

"Nick"... jolly and good natured ... enthusiastic writer of those English compositions ... his participation added to our plays.

Blue and Gray 1, 2, 4; Rules Club President 1, 2; Football 1; Basketball Manager 2; Study Club 3; Junior Play 3; Table Tennis Club 3; Senior Play 4; Class Vice President 4.

MAD AID TO MARITAL BLISS?

I see from a post card you sent me that my husband is giving me a subscription to MAD. Now all our friends are asking, "Can this marriage be saved?"

Mrs. John Meehan
Jarrettsville, Md.

CHRISTMAS CHEER MAGNIFIED

I really enjoy those Marginal cartoons now that I got a jeweler's loupe for Christmas!

John Brlej
Stratford, Conn.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A PET OWNER

"You Know You're Really A Pet Owner When . . . that MAD Magazine you left lying around on the floor mysteriously turns *yellow!*"

Ima Darr
Boston, Mass.

Your "Pet Owners" was right on! But Mr. Gola left out one thing: ". . . when your dog does "glitch" (a word coined by your own Al Jaffee) on your copy of MAD, and you don't care!"

Jim Di Cocco
Schenectady, N.Y.

My cat, talking about pet owners, takes to MAD before Kitty Litter. Does that make her a discerning Kitty Literate?

Gail Winson
Arlington House
New Rochelle, N.Y.

After reading Lloyd Gola's article on pet owners, I know the patience my father must have . . . with the *patients* my father has. He's a Veterinarian.

Cinda Wood
Marietta, Ohio

LIGHTER SIDE OF COLLECTING

How appropriate! I was burning my collection of MADs while reading Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Collecting."

Tommy Greer
Ottawa, Ontario,
Canada

Both Berg and Gola were writing about the lady next door. She collects cats . . . seventy-five of them, at last count . . . and we're downwind.

Jill Simon
Danvers, Mass.

You KNOW "Collecting" is getting out of hand when MAD #1 sells for $100 or over at those comic collectors' markets!

Mike Fasman
Auburndale, Mass.

Dave Berg's piece about collecting is bound to become a collector's item!

Fred Hall
Oak Bluffs, Mass.

MAD LOOK AT CONSUMER SOCIETY

Arnoldo Franchioni's "A MAD Look At Our Consumer Society" prompted me to clip the mousetrap and spiderweb and put them in the bills file we use. Thanks for the "friendly reminders"!

Mary Breukelman
Dover, Del.

MAKES CENTS!

My mother used to think MAD was 40¢ worth of trash. Now she thinks it's 50¢ worth!

Richard Brinklow
Midland, Ontario,
Canada

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DOUBLE UP WITH LAUGHTER

FROM OUR LATEST "ONE-TWO" PUNCH

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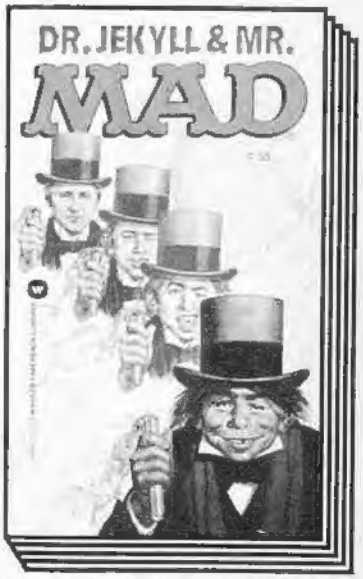
FIRST, A
LEFT JAB
OF ALL NEW
"SOCKO"
ARAGONES
CARTOONS!
THEN, A
RIGHT CROSS
COLLECTION
OF GREAT OLD
MAD
"SMASH HITS"!



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*Sung to the tune of "*Singin' In The Rain*"

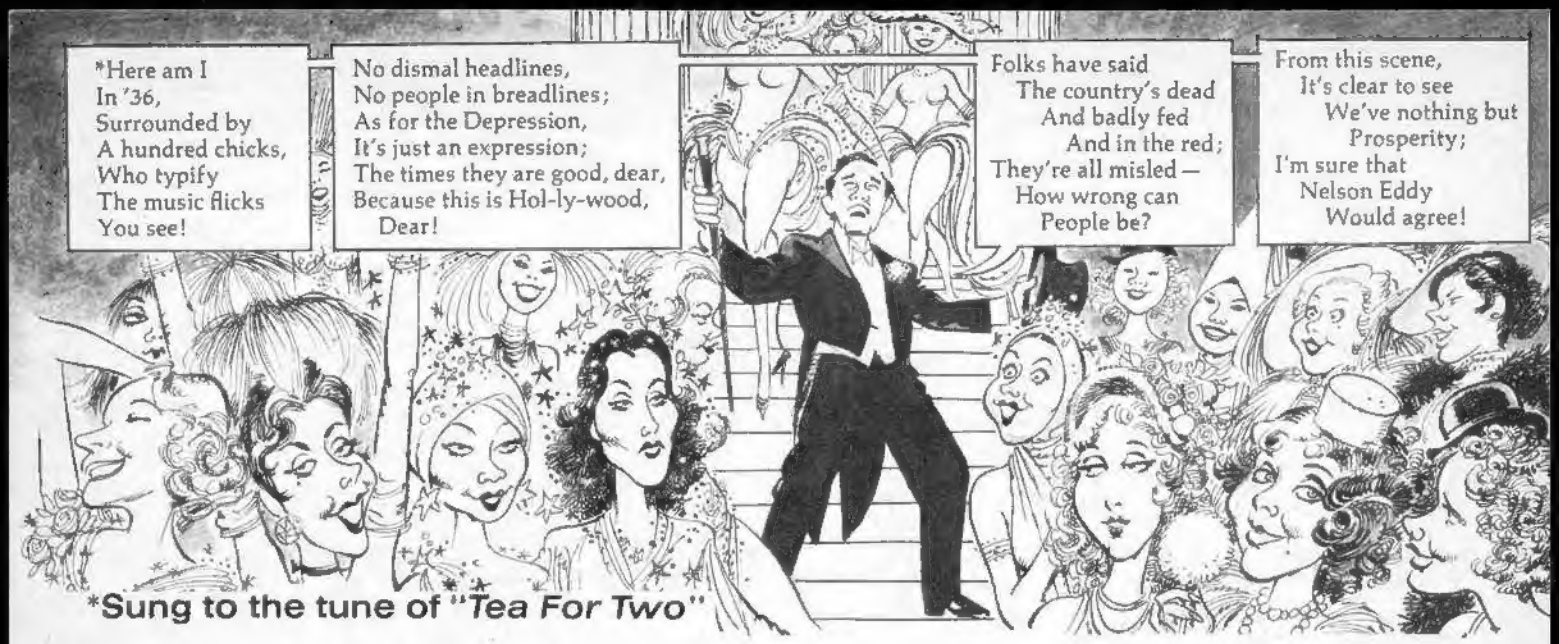
*Sung to the tune of "*That's Entertainment*"

BEST FOOTAGE FORWARD DEPT.

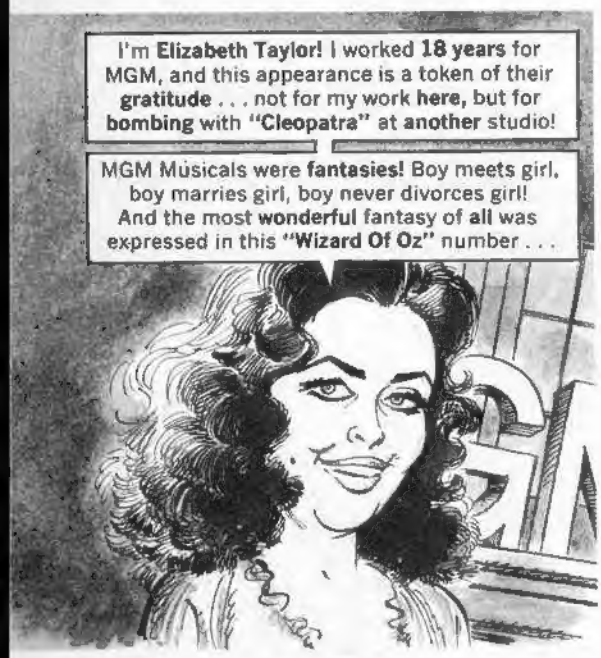
That's right! They're singin' 'em again... in a successful new film ... all them outdated songs from all them corny old MGM Musicals! And what's even *more* amazing is: People are standing in line and paying good money to see this movie! And it hasn't even got a plot! Which makes us kinda wonder . . .

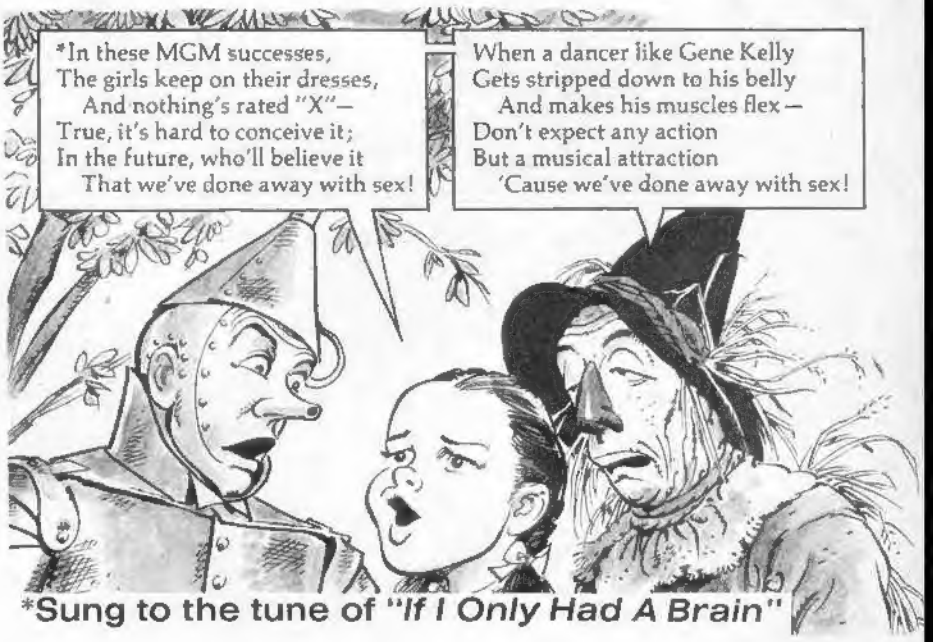
WHAT'S RTAINMENT?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

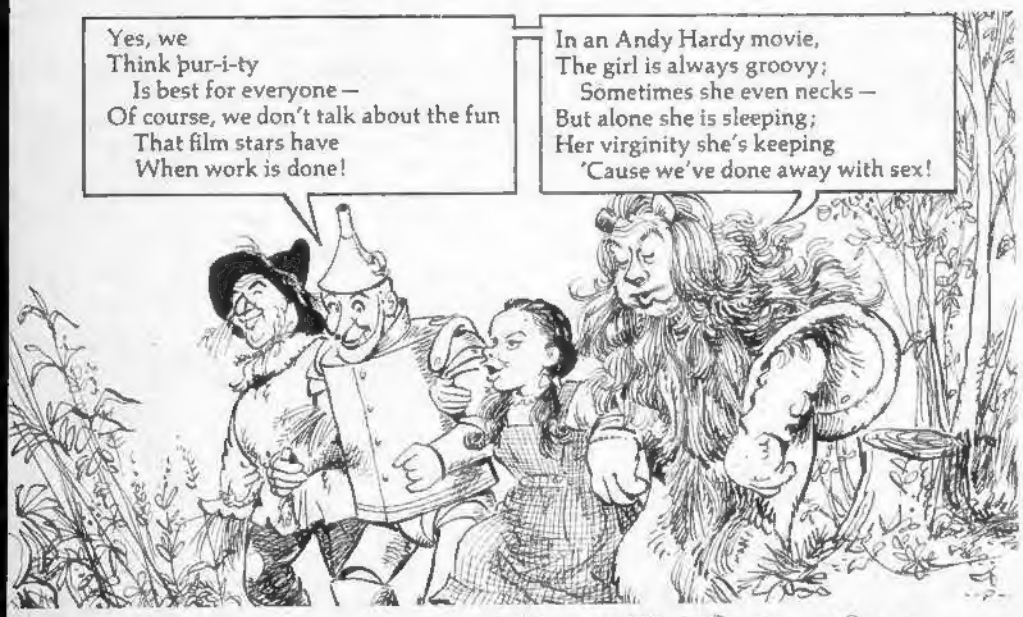


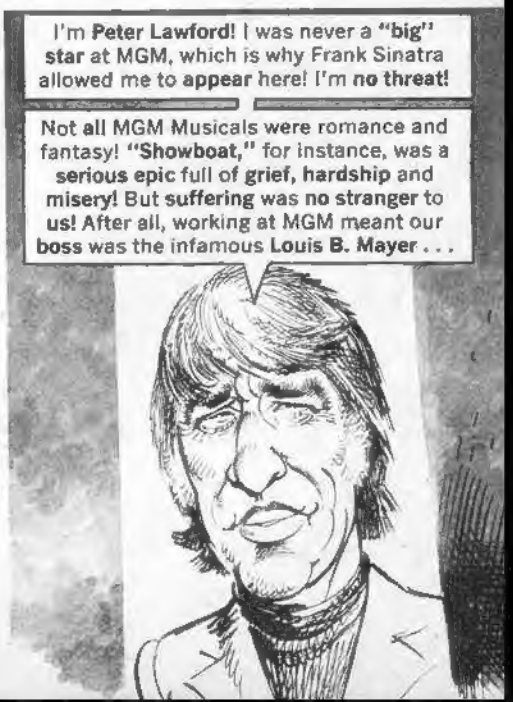
*Sung to the tune of "*Tea For Two*"



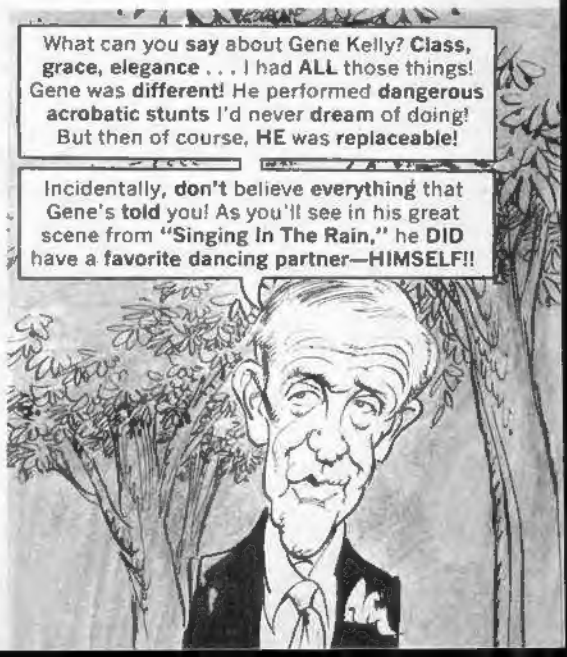


*Sung to the tune of "*If I Only Had A Brain*"

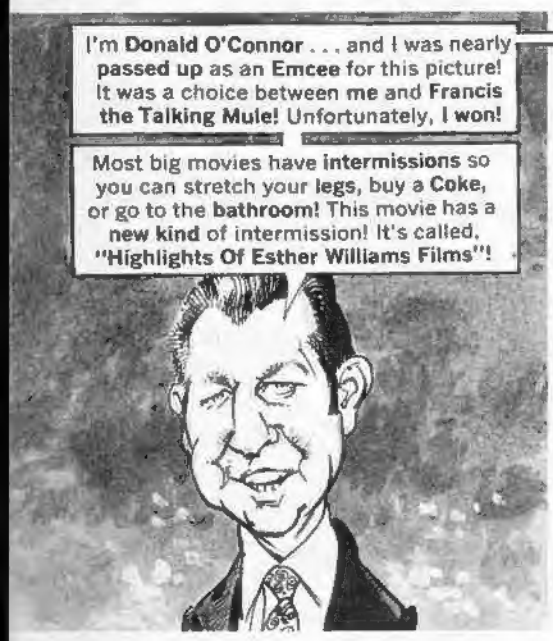


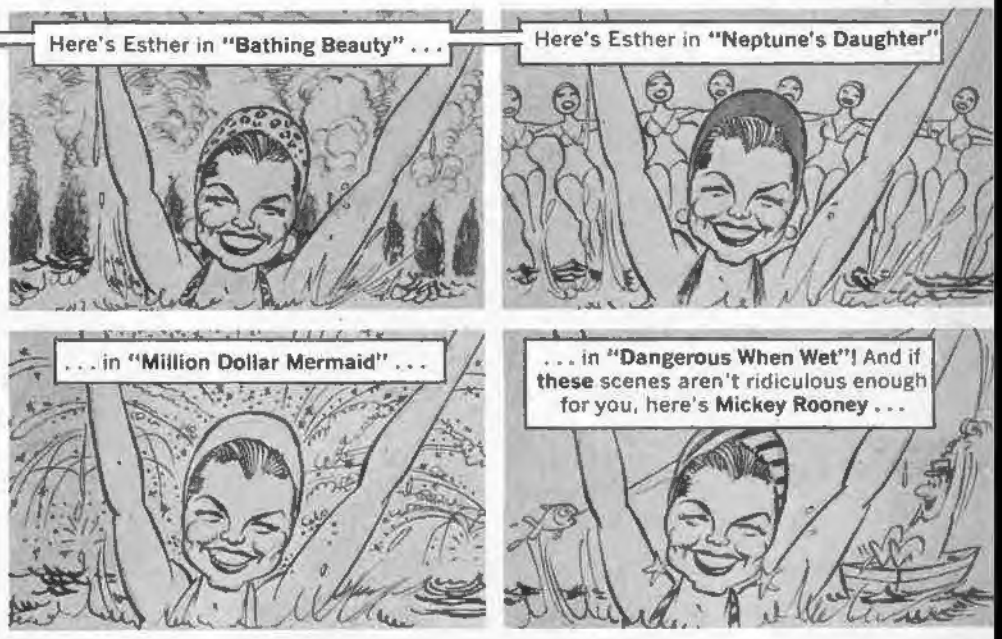


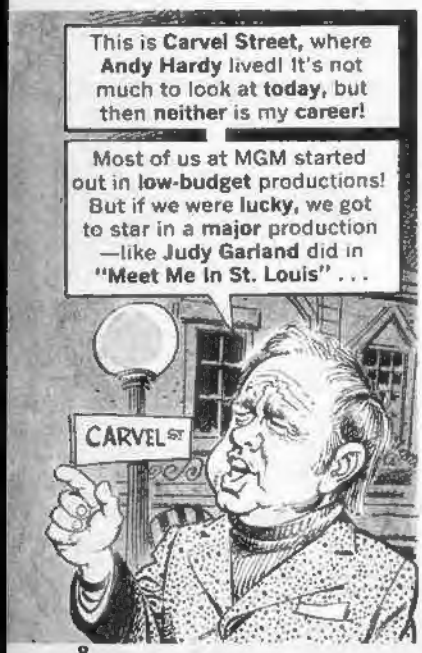
*Sung to the tune of "*Ol' Man River*"



*Reprise to "*Singin' In The Rain*"





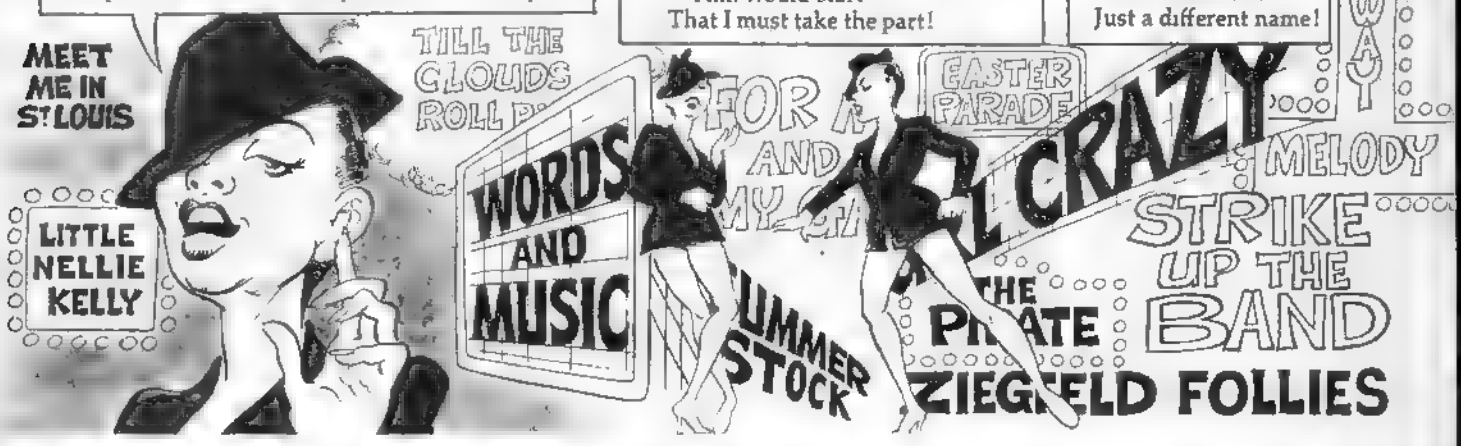


*Sung to the tune of "*The Trolley Song*"

We had no break
From dawn till nine!
I felt like I was on a Ford assembly line!
One scene would end —
The next begin;
Our pace was faster than a pass from Errol Flynn!

"Print, print!" yapped the producer —
"Sell, sell" roared L.B. Mayer —
Bam! Bam! In came the profits —
On the day we were through,
They announced that a new
Film would start —
That I must take the part!

So I ran and I
Got
To the spot
On that lot
Where each plot
Looked the same —
Just a different name!



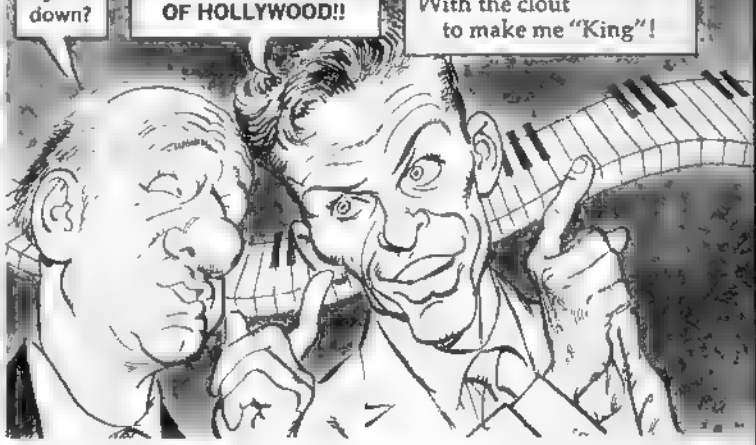
I'm **Bing Crosby!** You'll notice in this movie that each of us talks about **someone else!** I've been told to talk about **Frank Sinatra . . . BY Frank Sinatra!** Not that **I want** to, but a man will do almost **anything** when there's a **contract** out on him!

Frank always **knew** what he wanted . . even **thirty years ago** . . . when he appeared in one of his **first** Musicals with **Jimmy Durante!**

Whatsa matter, kid? Your **goil** got you down?

Since when have I had trouble getting **girls?** I want **more** than girls! I want **fame . . . power!** I want people to **bow** and **kneel** and **grovel!** I want to be **KING OF HOLLYWOOD!!**

*I am very big with
screaming adolescents,
But the studios, they
only talk of "Bing"!
Still I've got some
big connections
With the clout
to make me "King"!



They are casting me
today in Grade B pictures
The executives don't
like my "ring-a-ding";
But I know the boys
with muscle . .
With the clout
to make me "King"!

I can't wait until that
day arrives,
When the moguls
change their views;
They'll be trembling when that
offer comes
That they know they
can't refuse!

I'll have body-guards and
own hotels in Vegas,
And with every famous actress
I will swing;
I may even tour
Australia,
Where I'm loved like
anything —

I will run this place!
I will rub it in their face
Till they've never
heard of Bing!
And then you'll see
that I'll
be
"King"!

*Sung to the tune of "*It Might As Well Be Spring*"

Hi! I'm **Jimmy Stewart**, a Brigadier General in the **Air Force**, and a rock-ribbed **Conservative!** And I'm **proud** to be in this film because it gets us away from the **trash** and **filth** we have to **put up with** today!

Just look at the **clean, fresh-faced kids** in these old Musical scenes, and you'll see why America used to be such a **great place to live in!**

*We can't make a film that's true to life, baby!

We can't show a man divorce his wife, baby!

Filthy slums,
Drunken bums —
They don't exist!

Cops and Feds
Busting heads
Aren't the stuff that
dreams are made of!

*To the tune of "*I Can't Give You Anything But Love*"

When boy meets girl we like to keep it light, baby!
Bubbly, pro-Establishment and trite, baby!

Just make sure the boy and girl are white, baby!
We can't make a film that's true to life!

Over the years, MGM has made more than **200 Musicals!** If you had to pick **one** as **"best,"** I think **everyone** would vote for **"West Side Story"!** Unfortunately, **that one** was made by **United Artists!**

But that's **YOUR tough luck**, because this show is **over!** And if you ask us—

*There's no movies
Like old movies
Like no movies
Today!

Pardon us if we sound egotistic,
When we tell you that they filled the house!
Even though they seemed a bit simplistic,
And realistic . . as Mickey Mouse!

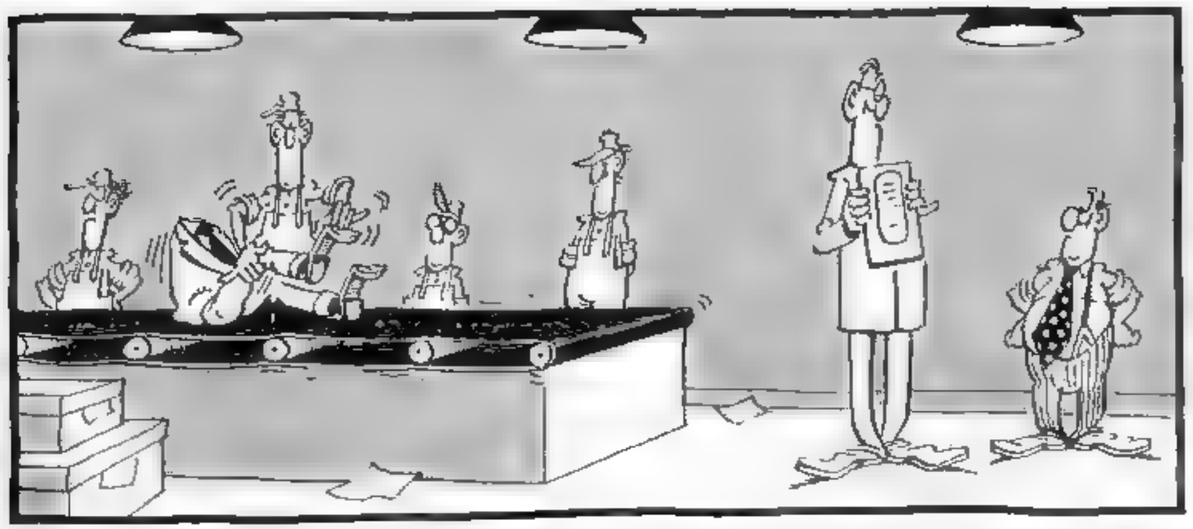
There's no pictures,
Like our pictures!
What's more, they're
Rated "G"!

But we must confess
though each one was a gem,
THIS one's a rip-off from MGM!
If you stay at home,
you could be seeing them
For free . on your TV!

*Sung to the tune of "*There's No Business Like Show Business*"

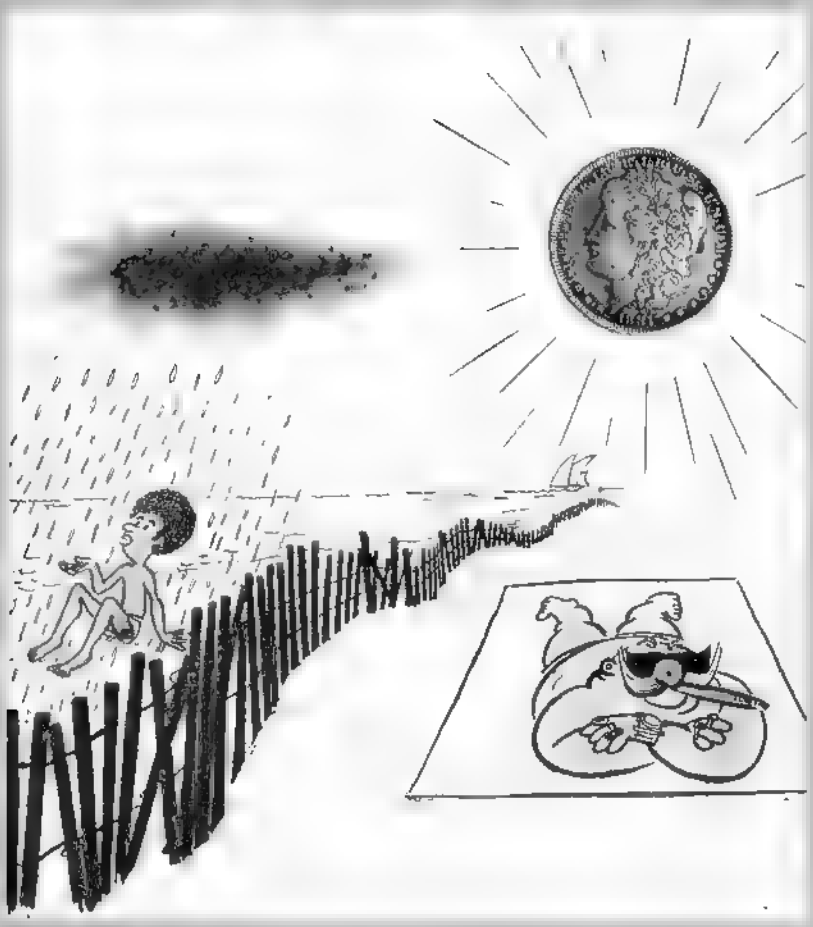
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

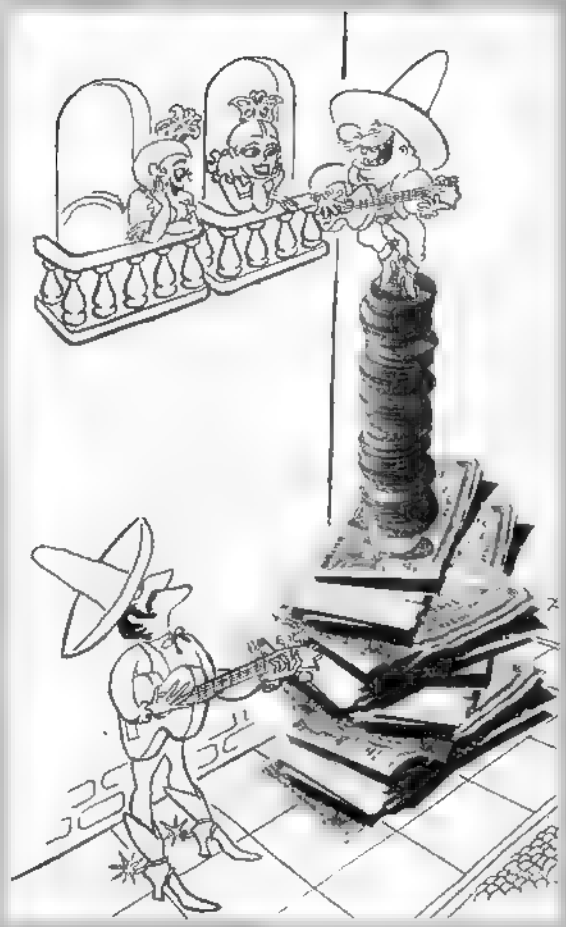
ONE MORNING ON AN ASSEMBLY LINE

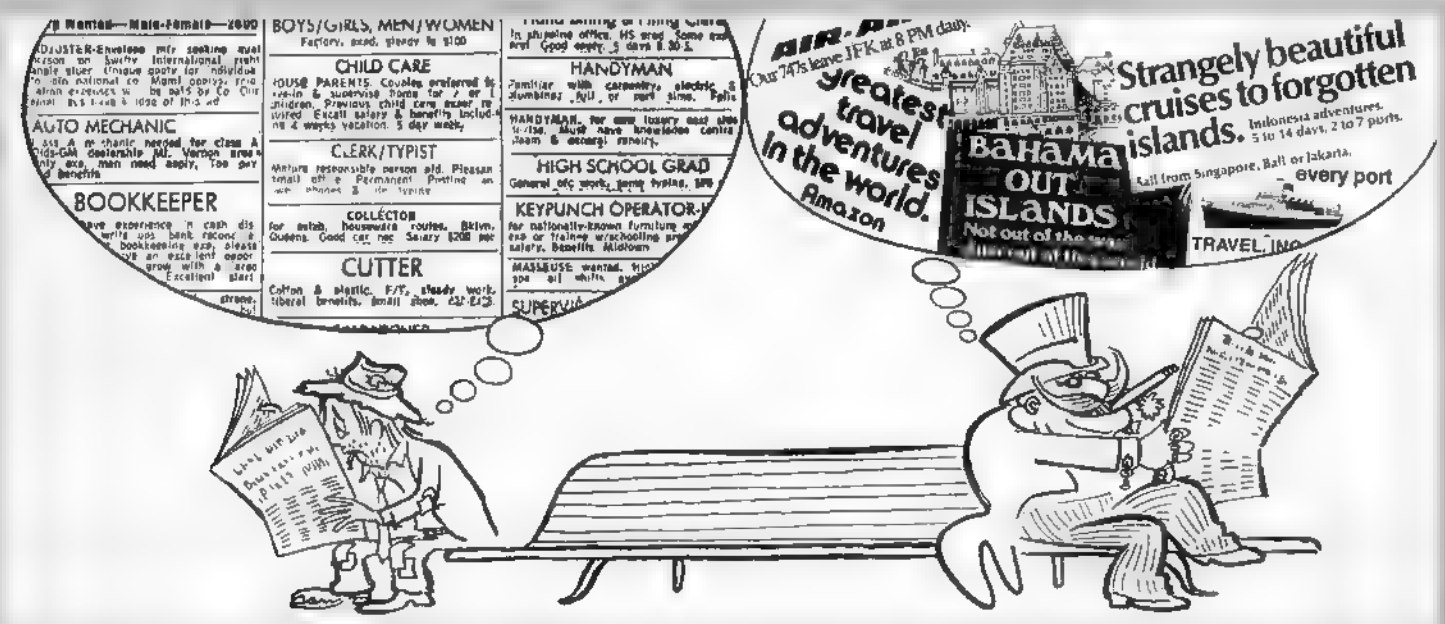


CREDIT-ABILITY GAP DEPT.

RICH IS

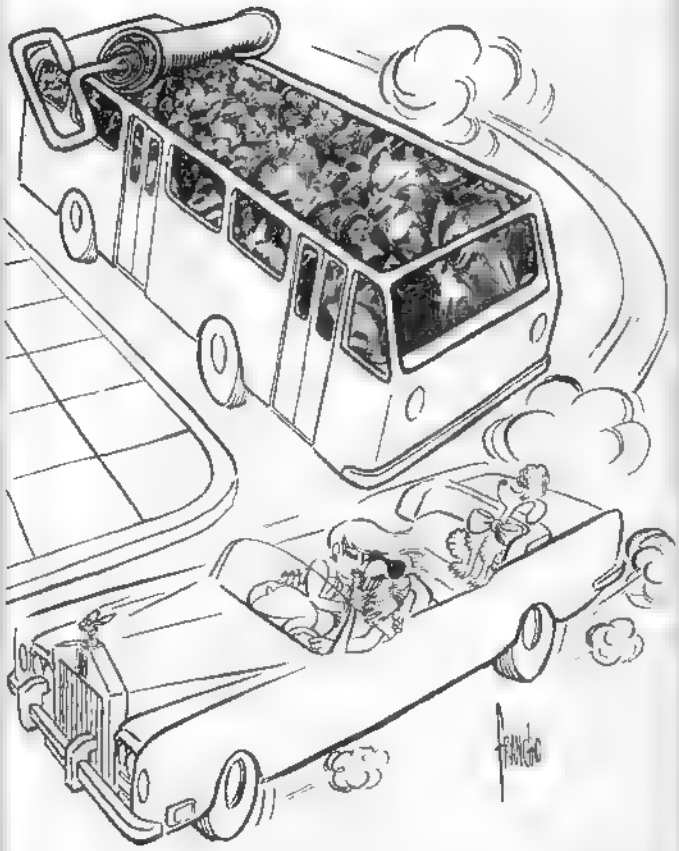




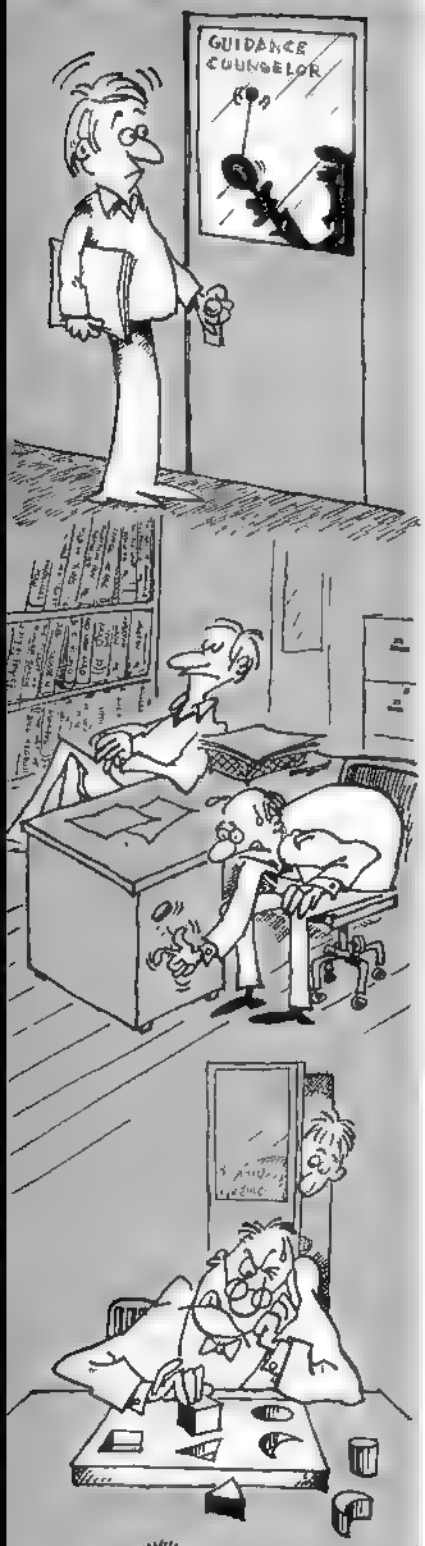


BETTER

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



PHOTOS BY UP



ADVICE TO THE FORLORN DEPT.

WHAT IS A GUIDA

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

Between the time you first enter school wondering what you want to be, and the time you graduate wondering why you turned out to be what you didn't want, you are certain to fall into the clutches of a creature known as a Guidance Counselor. Guidance Counselors exist at every educational institution, and can be spotted in a flash because they are the only adults around who look a little too smart to be janitors, and a little too dumb to be teachers.

Generally speaking, a Guidance Counselor is a person who spends four years studying psychology at the state university so he can advise you to spend six months studying arc welding at the local trade school. He also feels eminently qualified to counsel you about your emotional problems, which aren't as bad as his . . . and your sex life, which is a lot better than his. In setting you straight on such delicate matters, he may take any one of three approved Guidance Counseling approaches: The Firmly Mistaken, The Flexibly Indecisive or The Wishy-Washy Namby-Pamby.

The strange ways of the Guidance Counselor can be viewed in their most horrendous form when he is put in charge of Student Activities. His idea of a gala Homecoming is to have the police round up all the drop-outs and drag them back to school. His idea of a memorable Senior Prom is to let the girls dance in the gym from eight to ten, followed by the boys from ten to midnight. And his idea of scheduling the season's Big Game is to have your chess club play a match against Honolulu High School . . . by mail.

But despite their shortcomings, Guidance Counselors perform a unique function in our educational system. Who else would have the nerve to coach you on getting ahead in life when he's been stuck in the same job for thirty years? Who else would dare to enforce the school dress code while he's wearing a blue suit with a green necktie and brown shoes? Who else would brazenly try to score aptitude tests after his own aptitude test showed a lack of aptitude for scoring aptitude tests? And who else would rush through a guidance session on the development of adult emotional relationships, just so he could hurry home for an evening of solitaire in the apartment he shares with his mother?

Qualified or not, Guidance Counselors seem to feel a compulsion to dispense guidance wherever they go. Even in their spare time, they can be observed systematically guiding their relatives into nervous breakdowns . . . guiding their neighbors into frantic searching for new homes across town . . . guiding their friends into switching off the TV football game so they can watch "Meet The Press" . . . and guiding their '66 Chevy Novas into Howard Johnson's for a big Saturday night English Toffee spree.

NCE COUNSELOR?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Most students naturally assume that the lives of Guidance Counselors are always dull and drab and devoid of emotional highs. Not so. In private moments, they have been known to experience Sheer Ecstasy . . . when they find a juvenile parole violator who can be sent back to reform school. They often feel a sense of Deep Fulfillment . . . whenever they can scream at a coed for stupidly getting pregnant. On occasion, they even succumb to Flaming Passion . . . and throw the president of the Ethnic Students' Association out of their office, while he's still presenting his demands.

All in all the typical Guidance Counselor embodies the same laudable qualities found among great men in other walks of life. He possesses the Cheery Good Humor of John Mitchell, the Sensitive Understanding of Johnny Carson, the Quiet Patience of Muhammed Ali, the Unswerving Loyalty of Wilt Chamberlain, the Creative Imagination of Johnny Mann, the Guileless Generosity of King Faisal, the Stately Bearing of Mickey Rooney and the Calm Maturity of Jerry Lewis.

A Guidance Counselor is really everything a student could want in a friend and advisor. He is Fatherly Concern with a vacant stare, Warm Camaraderie with a cold, wet handshake, Liberal Open-Mindedness wearing an American Legion pin, Total Competence in mis-matched socks, and the Ideal, All-Around, Well Balanced Parent Figure, who doesn't happen to have any children of his own because he never got married because the prospect of going out on his first date still terrifies him . . . at age 46.

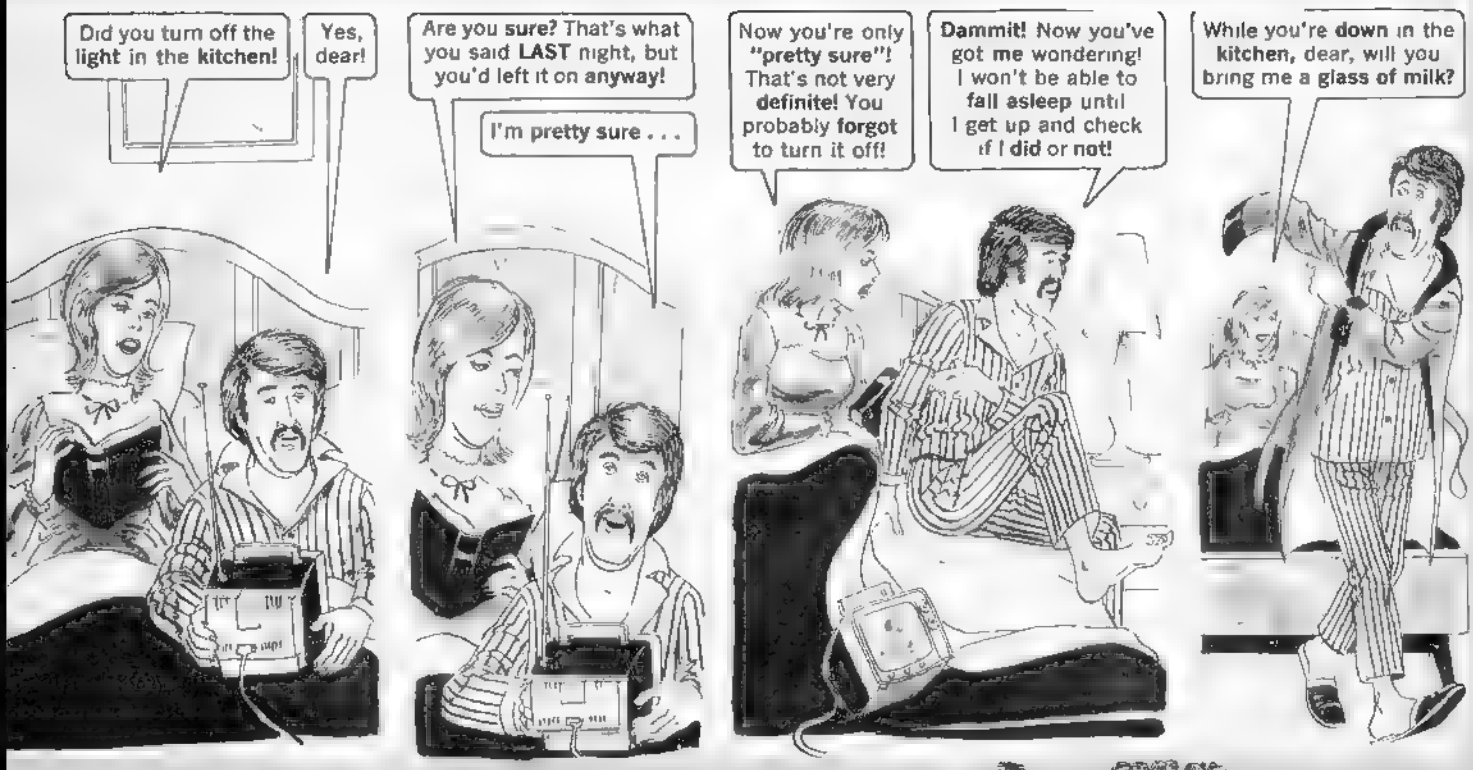
Most Counselors take a special pride in their Vocational Guidance techniques, which consist mainly of signing you up for all the courses, you'll ever need to launch a career that you don't want and they don't understand. But even after you've taken every course and graduated with very honor, a Guidance Counselor is seldom able to find you a job as a New York Disc Jockey or a Hollywood Talent Scout or a Boston Symphony Conductor. More likely, his Placement Service will offer you work as a Super Market Box Boy or a Steel Mill Furnace Stoker or a Shepherd.

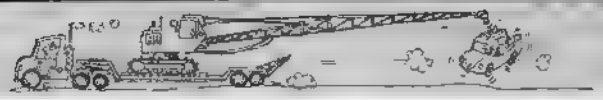
The only thing you can be absolutely sure of is that the vocation chosen for you by your Guidance Counselor will be the wrong one. If your I.Q. tests out at 194, he'll try to steer you into a street cleaning apprenticeship. If you're flunking Remedial Multiplication, he'll spot you as a good prospect for nuclear physics. But no matter how ill-suited you are for the career he's picked, you'd better follow his advice. After all, things could get a lot worse if you force him to fall back on his second choice, and utter those words that every student dreads to hear:

"YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BECOME A GUIDANCE COUNSELOR!"

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

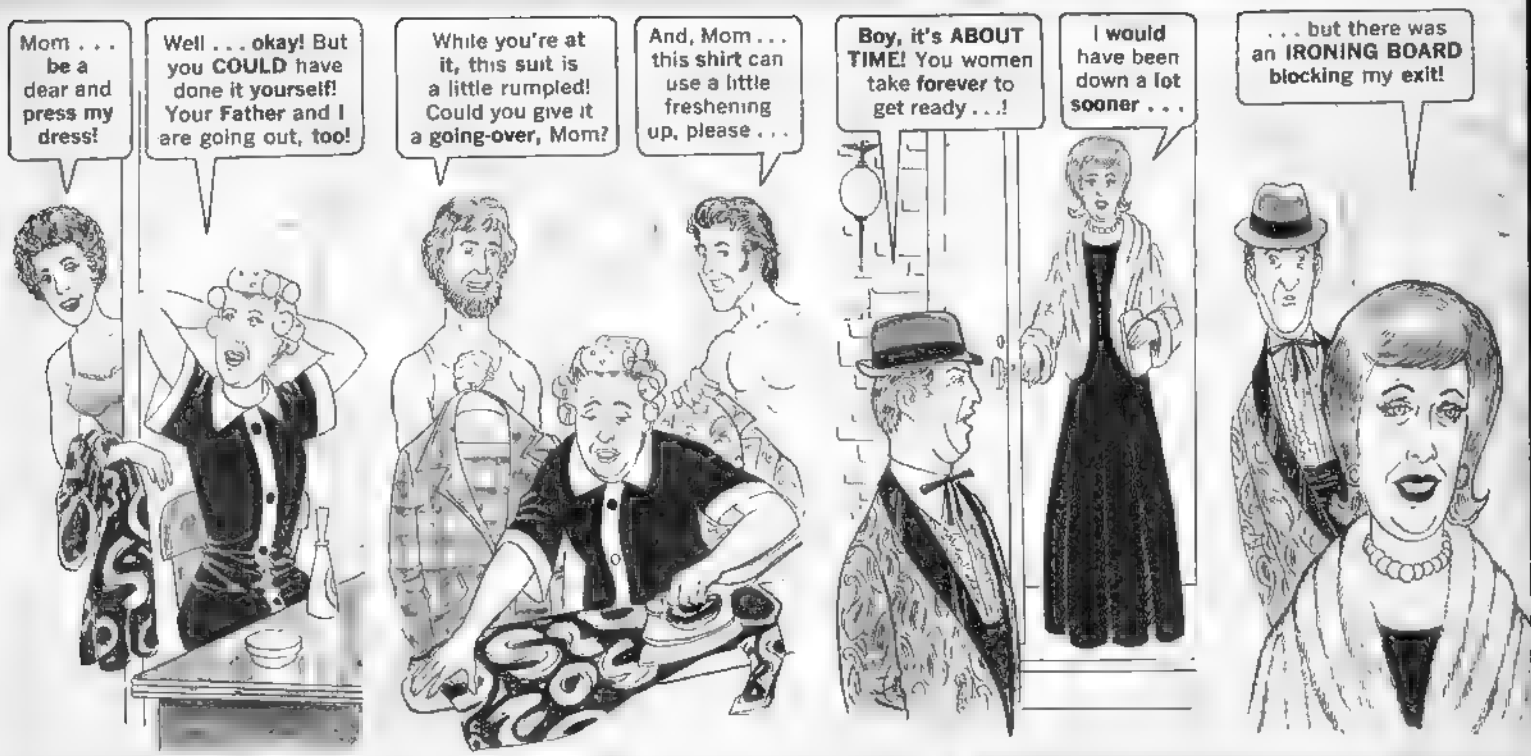
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... CH



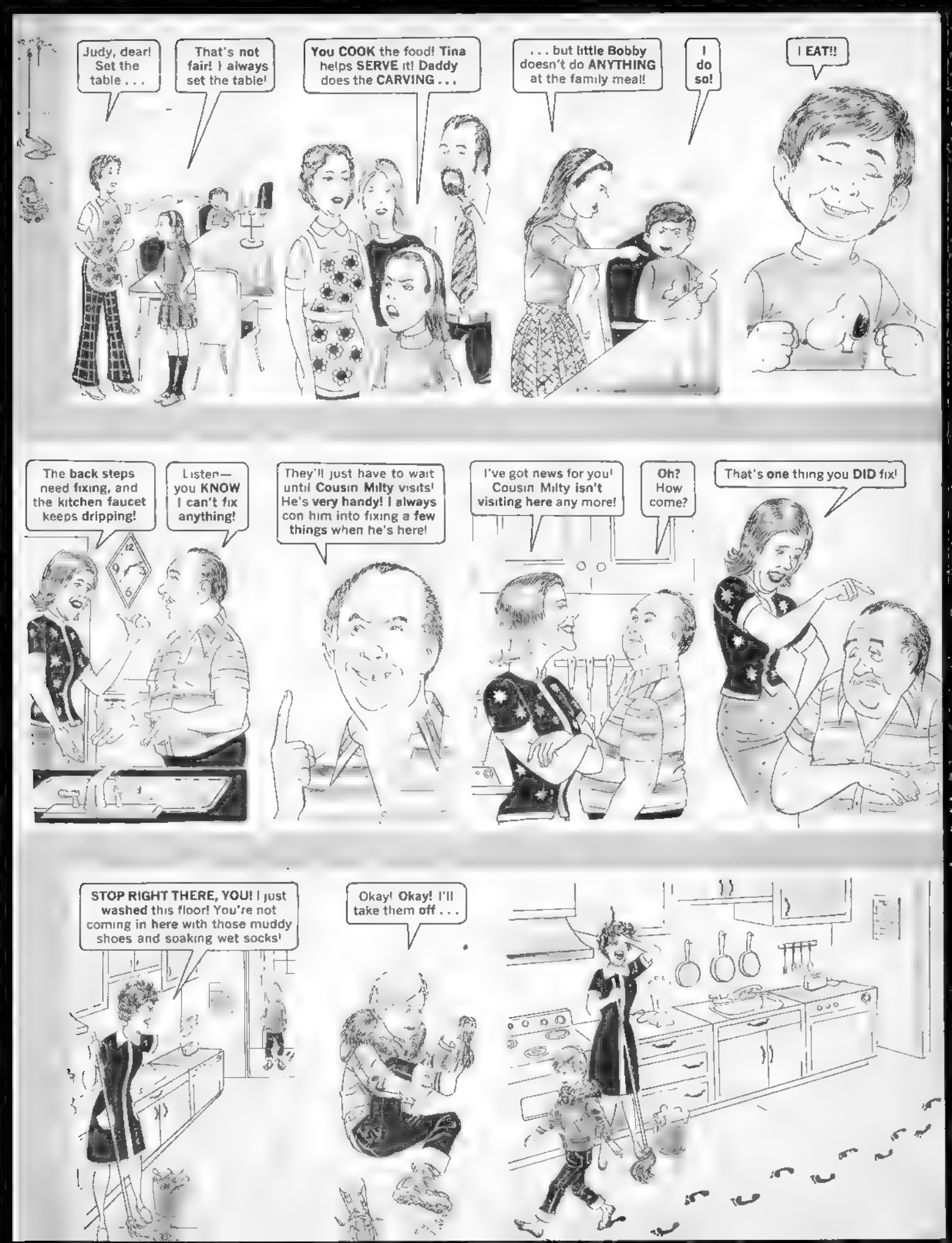


ORES

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG



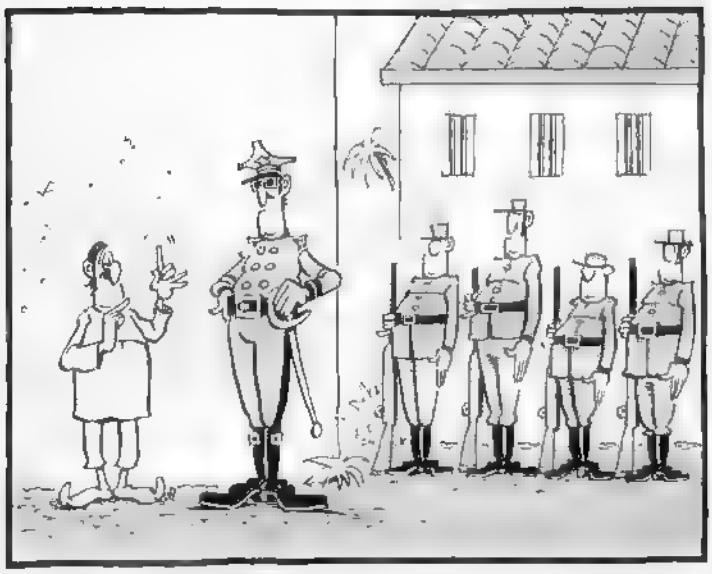
How about that?! What do you think of your husband NOW?! Tonight, they made me "Man Of The Year" and threw me a special dinner!
Every V.I.P. in town was there, making speeches praising me! And then, they presented me with this gorgeous plaque!
Why, there was even talk about running me for MAYOR! Wow . . . what a night this has been!
Wait! It's not over yet!
When we get home, you STILL have to take out the garbage!
I helped myself to all of your change because I'm going down to the Washing Machines!!
Is there anything special you want cleaned?
YEAH! THIS WHOLE DARN DIRTY POLLUTED CITY!
Sorry! You don't have enough change!!
I'm sorry to tell you that Michael is not doing very well in Physics!
Really?!? He's very good with electricity at home!
Well, here in school, he's failing!
We'd be living with kerosene lamps at home if it weren't for his know-how and special attributes!
Is that so?! You mean he has a complete knowledge of volts, amperes and electrical wiring?
Er . . . not exactly . . .
He's the only one in the family that's tall enough to change a ceiling light bulb!

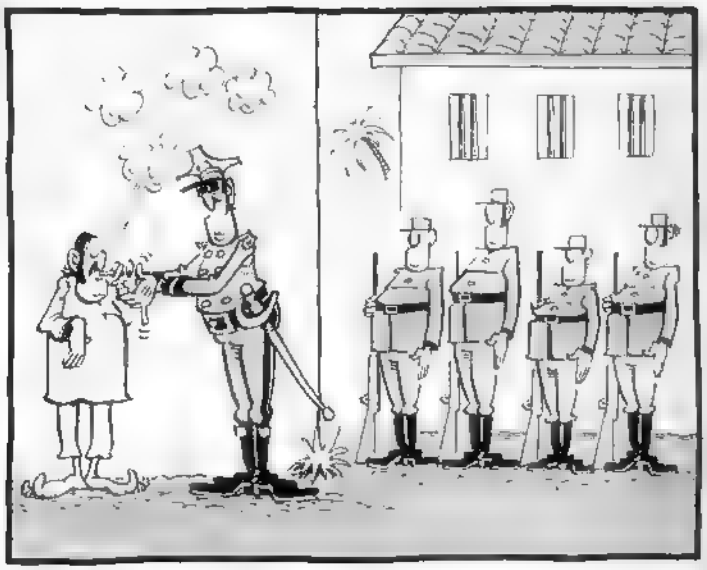

Judy, dear! Set the table . . .
That's not fair! I always set the table!
You COOK the food! Tina helps SERVE it! Daddy does the CARVING . . .
. . . but little Bobby doesn't do ANYTHING at the family meal!
I do so!
I EAT!!
The back steps need fixing, and the kitchen faucet keeps dripping!
Listen— you KNOW I can't fix anything!
They'll just have to wait until Cousin Milty visits! He's very handy! I always con him into fixing a few things when he's here!
I've got news for you! Cousin Milty isn't visiting here any more!
Oh? How come?
That's one thing you DID fix!
STOP RIGHT THERE, YOU! I just washed this floor! You're not coming in here with those muddy shoes and soaking wet socks!
Okay! Okay! I'll take them off . . .

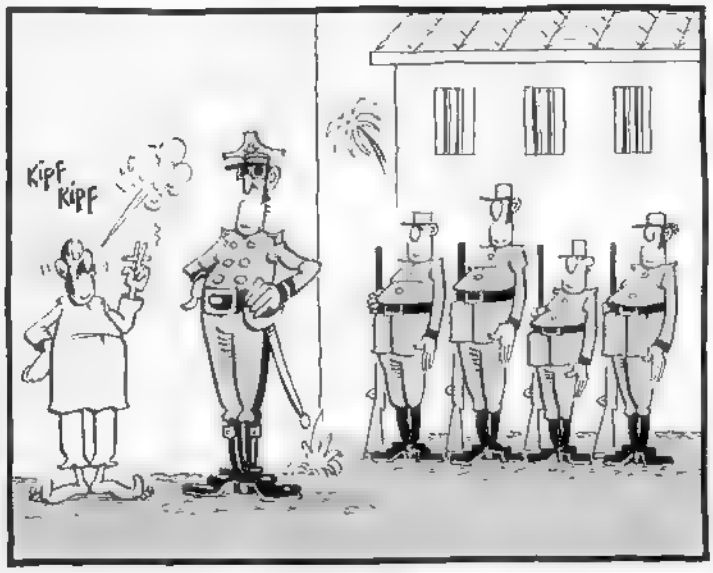
Oh, my goodness! Look at that tub!! OKAY! WHO WAS THE SLOB THAT TOOK A BATH LAST?!?
I did!
You know what you're supposed to do after you take a bath!!
Yeah, and I did it!
So how do you account for that dirty ring around the tub?!
You should have seen it BEFORE I washed it!
Hey! What happened to the lights?!?
I think I blew a fuse!
I'll change it!
Do you know how?
What's there to know?
Plenty! F'rinstance, if there's any water on the floor, and you touch the wrong part of the fuse box, you could get ELECTROCUTED!
Uh . . . well . . . if it's that dangerous, then forget it!
I'll have your FATHER do it!
WILL YOU SHUT OFF THAT DARNED STEREO!?!
I CAN'T HEAR THE VACUUM CLEANER!!
David Berg

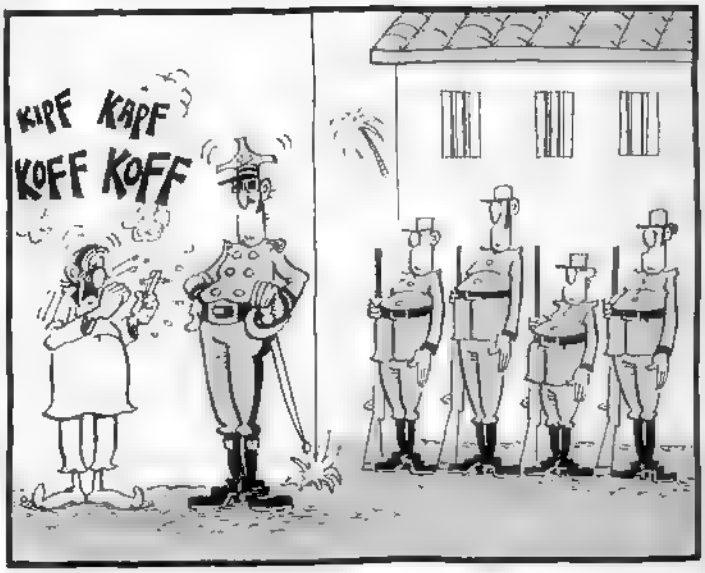
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

THE PRISONER'S LAST REQUEST







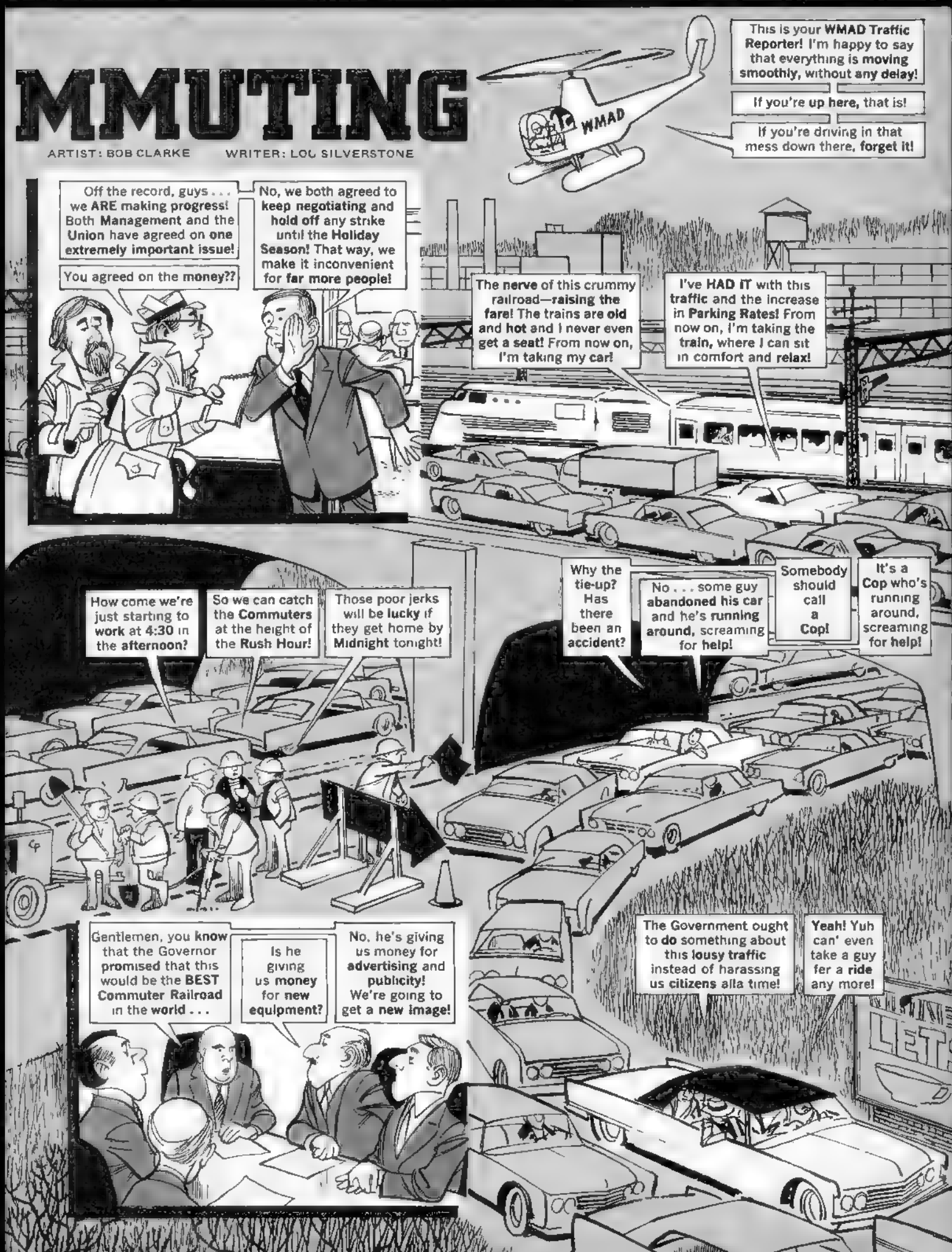


ROUND TRIP-SCHTICK DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT CO

MMUTING

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



HAS ANYBODY EV

A DUNCE CAP

OR A BURGLAR WEARING A "LONE RANGER" MASK

OR A NEWSBOY YELLING "EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!"

OR A MAGICIAN

TIED TO THE END OF A STICK
OR AN INDIAN THAT EVER SAID "HOW!" OR

OR A LADY FLIRTING WITH A MAN BY DROPPING HER HANDKERCHIEF
OR

IN A DOOR
OR TWO DRUNKS STAGGERING UP THE STREET SINGING "SW

OR A BILLY GOAT EATING A TIN CAN
OR THE "LIFE OF THE PARTY" WEA

ED OUT WITH SOAP
OR A MAN DRINK CHAMPAGNE FROM A LADY'S SHOE

WAITING FOR HER HUSBAND WITH A ROLLING PIN
OR A REPORTER WITH A

ER REALLY SEEN...

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SHARP

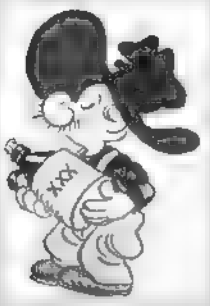
OR SOMEONE THROWING AN OLD SHOE AT A CAT ON A FENCE

HAT EVER SAID "ABRA CADABRA"

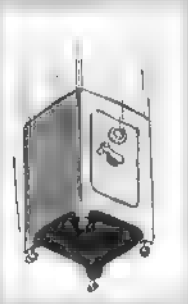
OR A HOBO WITH HIS BELONGINGS

"UGH!"

OR A JUG OF WHISKEY WITH "XXX" MARKED ON IT



A SAFE FALLING FROM A HIGH WINDOW



OR A SALESMAN PUT HIS FOOT

EET ADELINE"

OR A ST. BERNARD WITH A KEG OF BRANDY

RING A LAMPSHADE ON HIS HEAD

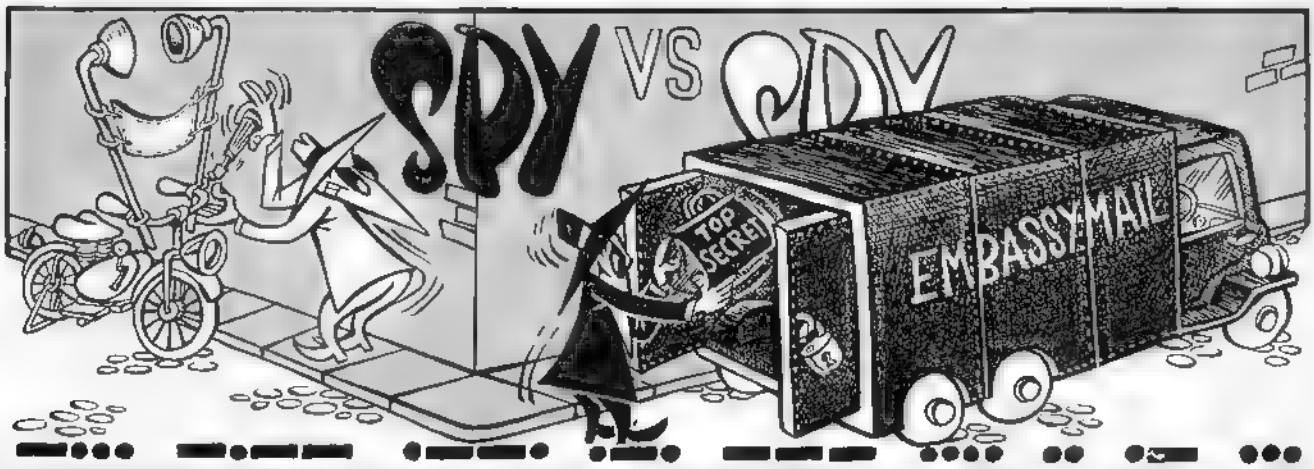
OR A KID GETTING HIS MOUTH WASH-

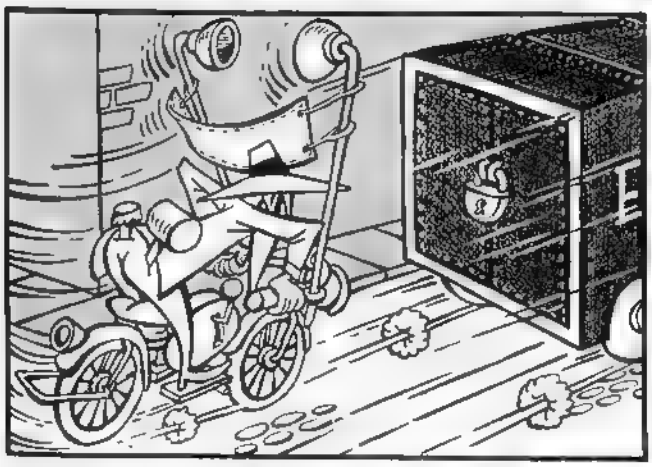
OR "STARS" WHEN YOU'RE HIT ON THE HEAD

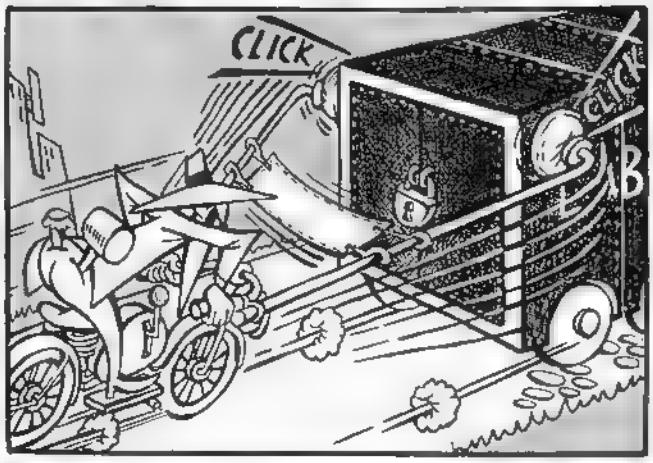
OR A WIFE

"PRESS" CARD STUCK IN HIS HAT BAND

OR A FUNNY ARTICLE IN MAD?


SPY VS SPY
TOP SECRET
EMBASSY MAIL




CLICK
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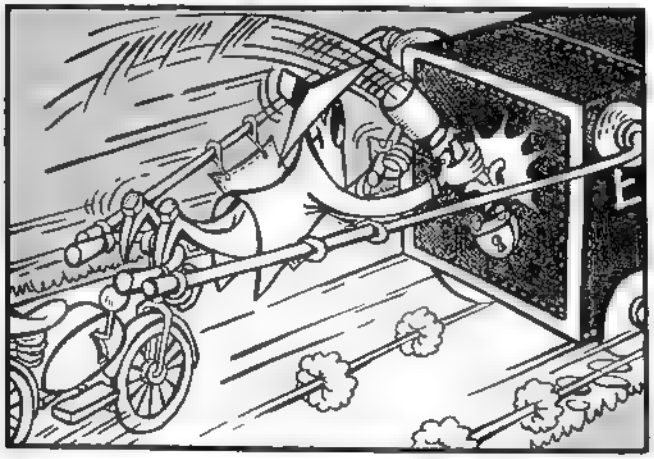

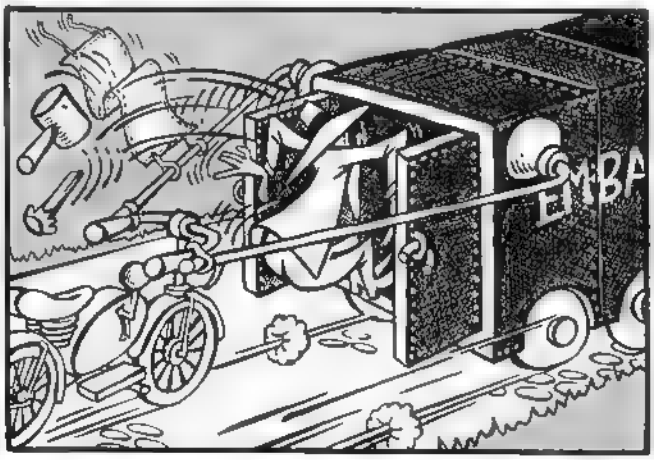

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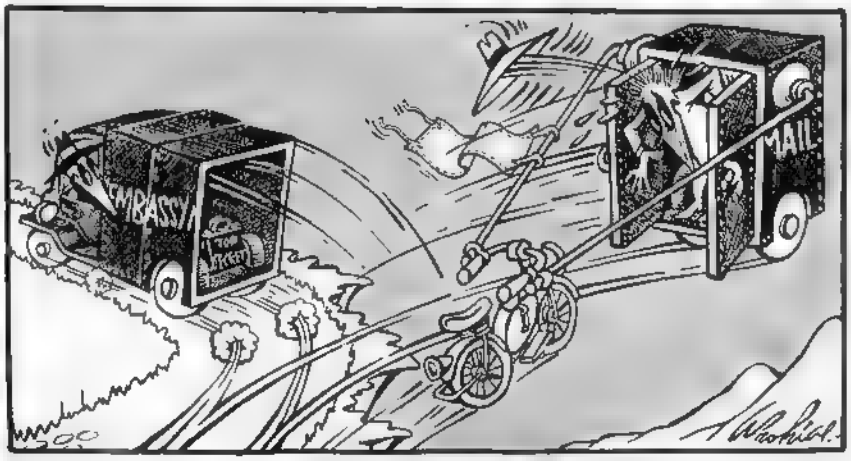
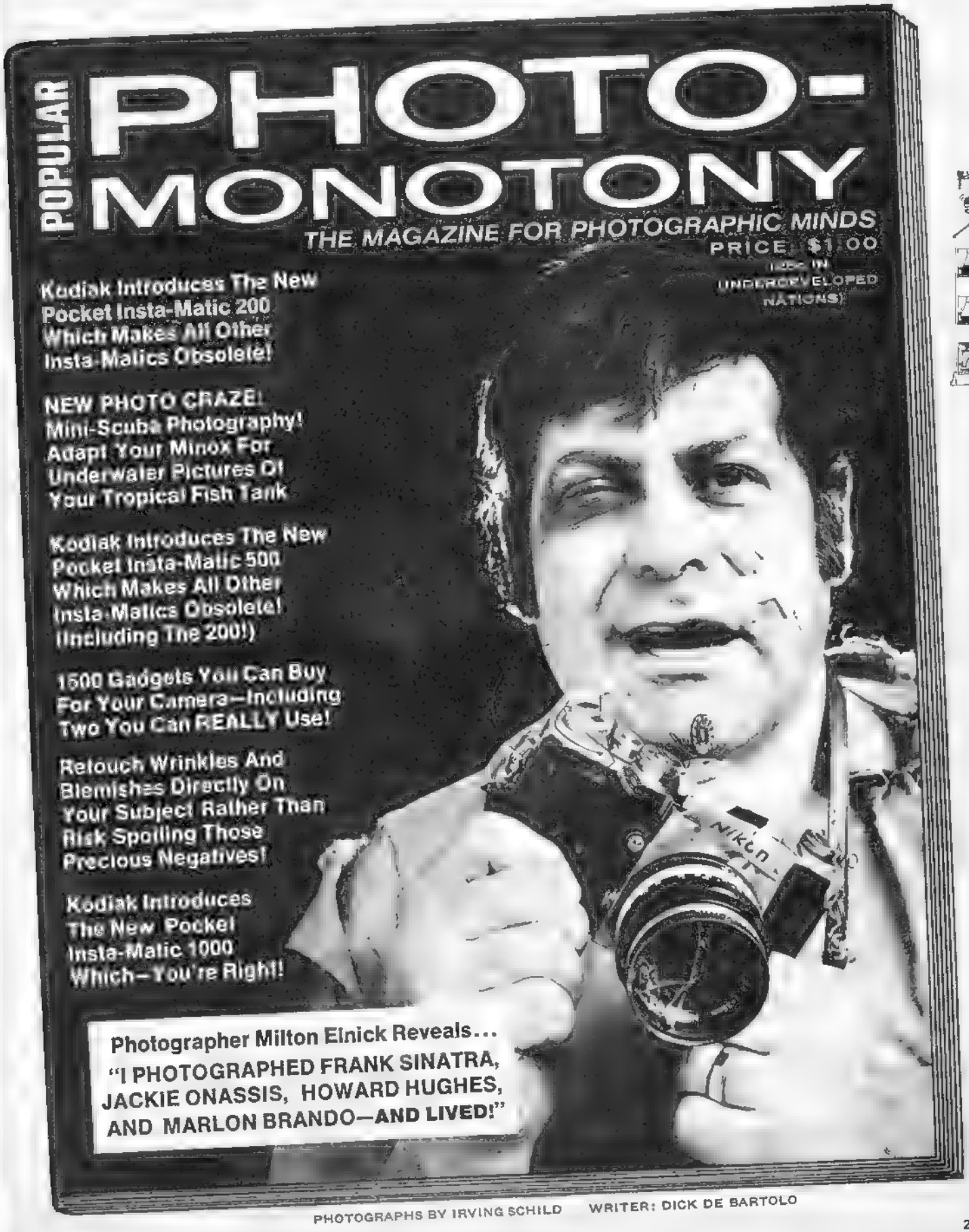

EMBASSY
MAIL

ONE PICTURE, SO THE EXPRESSION GOES, IS WORTH A 1000 WORDS, BUT IT'S WORTH A LOT MORE IF YOU'RE THE PUBLISHER OF A TYPICAL CAMERA-BUG-CATERING PERIODICAL LIKE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRVING SCHILD WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

Cannonfodder 900 with f 2.5 lens. Regularly $100.00. Brand new, $49.95. Sold only with case. Case, $49.95. Honest John's Camera Angles, Box 756, Shaft, Ore.

LENS RIOT! Thousands of fine lenses at a fraction of their original cost. $10 each. Do not specify camera or model number. At this price you can't be picky! Economy Opticals, Myopic, Nev.

5 mm lens—the widest angle lens ever made! So wide *you'll* be in every picture you take! Grab it at 750 clams! Eye-C-U, Box 45, Image, Minn.

Hsb NC 2 PRF bdy, *PLUS* c 12 x M, s/t, rf, sync & stb. $225.00 Explanation of this ad, $2.50. Write CamBy, 56 ML e. Bfd., NH

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Learn the thrilling profession of camera repair at home. $500 Camera Repair School course includes free broken camera to practice on. Write P-M, Box 172 for details.

Cameras repaired for Camera Repair School dropouts. Listen, don't feel bad! Not everyone is mechanically inclined! If you don't want people to know you're a loser, for an additional $300 we will send you a "Certificate of Completion," wrapping paper, mailing labels, and everything you'll need to send those broken cameras to *us* for repair. We mail them back fixed, and you charge 10% over what we charge you! See above ad Box number

Earn big bucks with the magic of candid photography! This book, written by an expert in the field, details all you'll have to know; supplies, locations of motels and lover's lanes, tells how to approach the potential customer with your shots, how much to charge for how many years, how to destroy negatives so that they're really not destroyed, etc. "Shutter-Bugging" by Tom Peeper. $9.95 at your neighborhood smut peddler.

OTHER OPPORTUNITIES

Save up to 90% with out-of-date film! Take off 10% of list price for every month past expired film date. 9 months or more and you get the full 90% off. Your pictures may come out terrible, but at these prices, who cares! Old Time Films, Fuzzed-Up, Ark

2-week African Photo Safari leaves New York the 1st of every month. We supply everything—camera, film, guide, food, lodging, pro photographer and transportation—for only $2,500.00. Or save $2,475 00 by just sending for the pictures, which you can pass off as your own without ever leaving your living room! Write Nairobi Drug Store, Film Dept., Kenya, East Africa

ADVICE TO THE LENS LORN

DEAR A S A
I've been taking pictures for over thirty years with my range finder camera and I still forget to take off the lens cap before shooting As a result I have missed out on several vital Wedding and Bar Mitzvah shots with embarrassing social consequences. Is there anything I can do short of switching to a reflex camera?

Art Charney
East Meadow, N.Y.

DEAR ART,
Yes! Focus Productions has just come out with a remarkable Lens Cap Alarm System which is linked electronically to the shutter release of your camera. A loud alarm goes off when you forget to remove the lens cap, so you don't lose any shots. Unfortunately, the loud alarm also produces some NEW embarrassing social consequences, especially during the Wedding and Bar Mitzvah ceremonies.

DEAR A S A
I have to admit that I have been tempted many times over the years to buy "hot" camera equipment. But I have a problem. While I've resisted buying things like a 30-to-500 Zoom lens ($1600 list price) for twenty bucks, it's getting tougher. It's not a question of morals—I have none. It's just that I figure I'll get caught, what with that new serial number system on file in every Police Dept. in the country. What should I do?

Red Spine
South Boston, Va.

DEAR RED,
Keep resisting. However, I've got no such problem. Send your friend around to see me at my office after hours.

DEAR A S A
I have a very embarrassing problem—I keep falling asleep during *my own* color slide shows. What can I do?

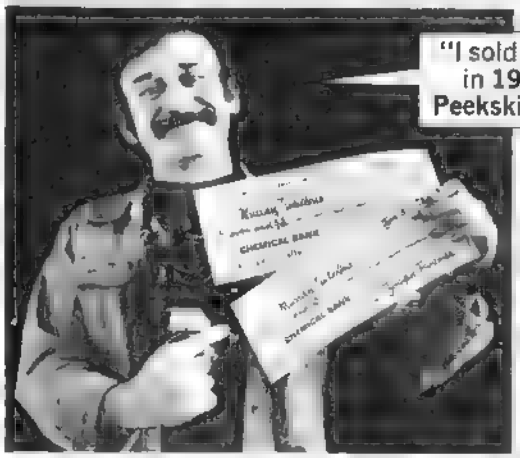
Sid Ascher,
Mays Landing, N J.

DEAR SID,
Sleep and enjoy! If your slides are anything like your boring letter, chances are everybody else is sleeping too!

DEAR A S A
I'd like to train my dog so I can get some good pictures. Do you have any suggestions?

Eric Wessel,
Phoenix, Arizona

DEAR ERIC,
It takes months of hard work and patience, but if you stick to it, you can probably train your dog to take good pictures. It would be easier, however, if you learned how yourself!



"I sold a photo to the Flatbush Post Dispatch in 1968 for $7.00 and another one to the Peekskill Times-Herald in 1973 for $11.00!!"

says MURRAY TINKELENS, Freelance Photographer and Student of the INFAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER'S SCHOOL

"And what's so great about it is I didn't have to quit my job to do it. As a matter of fact, I have to keep my regular job, plus hold down a night job sweeping tennis courts to pay for the cost of my lessons, my equipment and my postage bills. But any year now, another big check may just possibly come rolling in!"

Need *we* say more? You heard it right from the horse's mouth. You can learn just as Murray Tinkelens learned from 12 leading photographers who actually work in photography (or some related field) FULL TIME! Enroll today! Write

INFAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER'S SCHOOL

Obvious, Conn

PHOTO PHASHIONS/FOTO FASHIONS

What's the difference between the amateur and the pro, the slob and the snob? Often, very little. More often—none! It's not the quality of the pictures, it's the quality of the person taking the pictures that could mean the difference between enjoying a successful career as a Professional Photographer or ending up as a Dark Room Assistant! And it all starts with APPEARANCE! Do you realize that most tourists today are better equipped than most pros? The only way you're going to succeed as a pro is to LOOK like a pro... instead of a SHMO! And now, PHOTO-MONOTONY shows how to spot the difference

THE SHMO

Wears straw hats with paisley hatbands, often sporting large plastic buttons with catchy slogans like "Hubba Hubba" and "Stassen For President", not for camp, but seriously.

Chooses well-tailored sports jackets with flashy designs to wear over well-tailored sports shirts with flashier designs and clashing colors.

Wears a tie.

Wears Swank tie clasp, bearing his initials.

Carries camera and lenses in fitted, factory approved cases to protect his equipment. Equipment is protected, but not his image, as the shiny leather cases are a dead giveaway that the bearer is a dude.

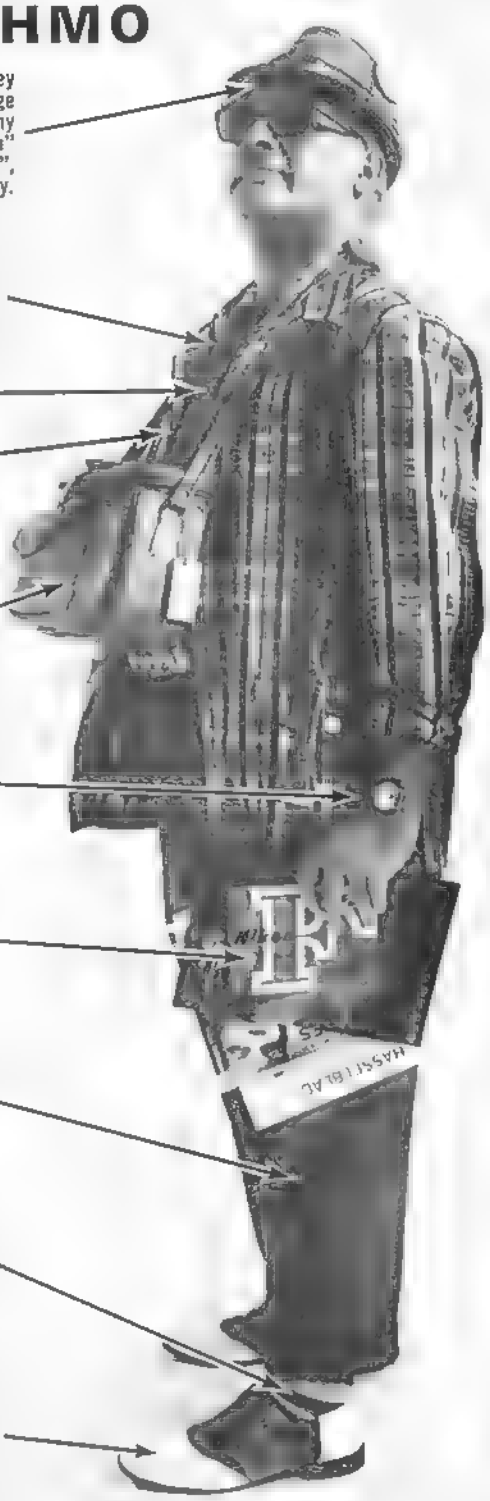
Gold watch with leather band, a graduation gift from his aunt.

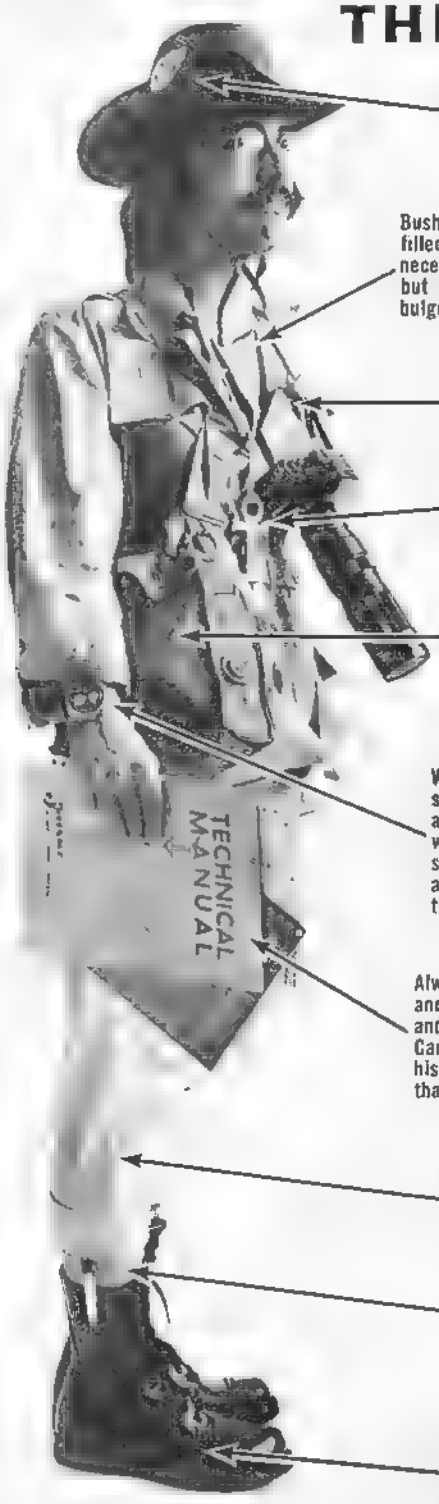
The shmoe is never without his camera manual, warranty and directions for all the accessories, even when he's not actually carrying a camera.

Trousers are permanent press, contain no colors that match outrageous jacket and gaudy shirt.

Socks are dull colored so as not to clash with other garments, and are usually supported by a pair of Paris garters.

Brown and white saddle oxfords are not an attempt to join current nostalgia fashion craze—the shmo has worn them for the last ten years (under galoshes, of course, if and when it looks like it might rain).





THE PRO

Australian war surplus army hat with one side pinned up by an obscure silver military badge.

Bush jacket with many pockets filled with accessories (not necessarily camera equipment) but cold cream jars that can bulge out like extra lenses.

Carries a dozen pens and markers in shirt pocket

Wears an Ankh.

Keeps larger equipment in war surplus gas mask bag which also projects image of World Traveler and "Risker-Of-Life-And-Limb-To-Get-The-Shot."

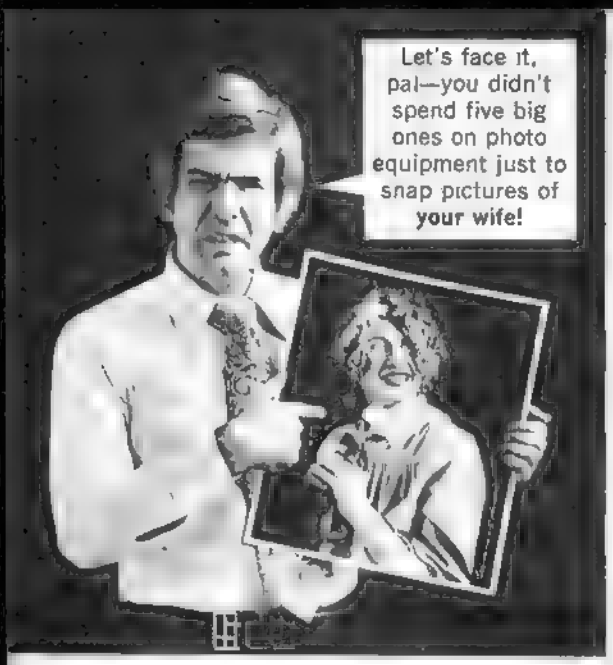
Waterproof, anti-magnetic, shockproof timer/compass/altimeter / humidifier and wind tunnel, housed in a stainless steel case with anodized strap, does everything but tell the time.

Always carries tech manuals and pamphlets like "The Care and Operation of Alpine Cable Cars" to give the impression his profession demands more than just tripping a shutter.

Trousers are permanent wrinkled, with stains to match the stains on the jacket and shirt.

Socks are seldom, if ever worn.

Paratrooper Jump Boots Provide place to carry additional accessories. Remember, a pro's equipment shows at all times!



And VOYEUR PLUS has the answer! By taking our Pin-Up Photography Course you now have an excuse to snap away at beach beauties as well as starting up a pin-up file to *study* from! Get the picture? From "dirty old man" to "respectable student" for just $20.00 a lesson!

VOYEUR PLUS
Oggle, Illinois

NOTE: These photos are from Lesson One Obscenity laws forbid us from showing samples from Lessons Two, Three & Four

OVER EXPOSURES

by Gidget Bagg

PHONUS BALONIS DEPT. That rumored 8 mm movie footage of a TV star cavorting with "several leading men at one time" turned out to be *true!* Problem was, the "star" was a cocker spaniel from a popular TV series! But we understand the bitch's owner is suing anyway!

* * * * * * *

KISS AND TELLER DEPT. Talk about interest rate, people are still buzzing about the sensational shots taken with those surveillance cameras at a certain bank after business hours! Robbery was *not* the subject, which may explain the red faces behind the tellers' windows lately . . .

* * * * * * *

TWO-BIT PHOTOGRAPHER DEPT. Rumor has it that Irving Schyld, who recently won the $500 first prize money in the *"Self Portrait"* division of PHOTOMONOTONY's Annual Photography Contest, did so by submitting a shot from a coin-operated machine! And he still has three poses left! That's one way to beat inflation . . .

UP IN SMOKE DEPT. Heads all over the country are in an uproar at recently announced agreement among top film manufacturers to coat the inside of their film cans with a noxious, but harmless substance that would render the empty cans unsuitable for illegal storage of pot! Put *that* in your water-pipes and smoke it! . . .

* * * * * * *

INSIDE DOPE DEPT. And speaking of dopes, custom inspectors are still chuckling over the Trainee Baggage Examiner at Los Angeles' Airport who arrested a tourist for smuggling a camera hidden inside a 40 pound bag of heroin! Bye, now—say cheese!

COMING NEXT MONTH:

- **Plans to build a complete darkroom in your bathroom!**
- **Plans to build a complete bathroom in your basement!**
- **Plans to convert your garage into a bedroom where your wife will make you sleep after you've converted bathrooms to darkrooms and basements to bathrooms!**
- **NASA asks "How many flashbulbs do we need to light up the dark side of the moon?"**
- **Should you use a tri-pod or hand-hold a camera during an earthquake?**

PLUS

- **New equipment reports that makes EVERYTHING you read about in this issue OBSOLETE!**

Dollar Days Are Here Again, but only at J.D.'s CAMERA STABLE!

CAMERA STABLE: America's Mail Order Bargain Center Shows You How To Beat Dollar Devaluation! We offer TRADE-UP deals you can't afford to ignore!

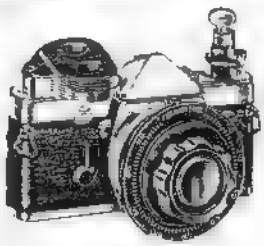
BUY ANY ITEM ON THIS PAGE AND RECEIVE 20 ROLLS OF KODIAK* FILM FOR JUST $1.00!

*Offer good only on Kodiak Y Film, recently discontinued with no processing available. However, we sell Kodiak Y Home-Processing Kits for only $79.95. Chemicals extra

J.D. SAYS...

What's the **story?** Trade-up to your **dream camera!** With things the way they are today, you might as well live it up a little before you go under! So come into any **J.D.** branch, show the man your credit card, and charge the balance between your crummy old camera and one of our **great new or used jobs!** That's **the sto-reeee!!**

GLAU-COMAFLEX



with 50 mm f. 11 unbreakable cast-plastic lens, lens shade, simulated leather neck-strap, manually operated frame counter & many, many other dazzling extras!

Yours for ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

Plus any 1974 model Hasselblat 500 C offered in trade!

KAMIKAZE 400

with suicide shutter that self-destructs if automatic light meter, range finder, and film speed indicator don't all simultaneously function together!

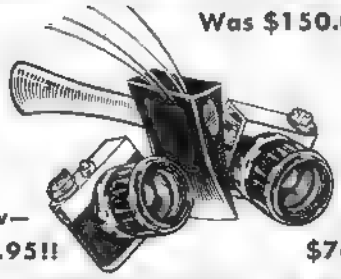
Yours for ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

Plus any Nykon F-2 offered in trade!

J.D. says...

Wanna good 35 mm camera REAL CHEAP? Well, our engineers have taken our huge stock of unpopular and unwanted stereo cameras, and cleverly sliced each one of them in two! Now you can buy one at half the price you'd expect to pay for a camera of this superb quality! Or, you can also buy two and save even more! Was $150.00 Now, only $74.95!

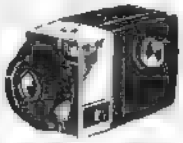
Was $150.00



Now— $74.95!!

Now— $74.95!!

ASTIGMATIC FOUR



with Semi-Auto Meniscus lens, rewind crank, and recessed tripod socket! (left hand thread)

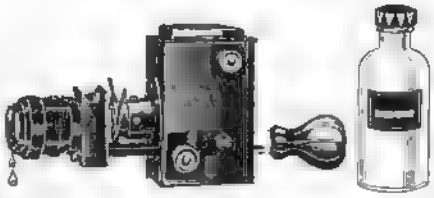
Yours for ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

Plus any Leika M-5 offered in trade!

J.D. SAYS... All "click" and no "shtick" makes photograpy a dull sport! Try some of my hilarious gag attachments on your camera and get big laughs!

Squirt-Em-Inna-Eye Attachment

Fits over the lens, looks like a telephoto lens. Complete with strobe attachment that holds up to a quart of water, plus a manual bulb release.

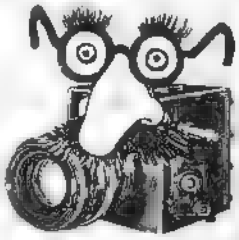


Squirt-Em-Inna-Eye Attachment—$5.95

Quart of Pure Water—$6.79

"Mr. Smiles"

You don't have to tell em to say "cheese" anymore! Our "Mr. Smiles" attachment converts the front of your camera into a hilarious face that never fails to get impatient subjects and bratty little kids to flash their ivories



"Mr. Smiles"—$9.95

RUSH ORDER NOW TO J.D. CAMERA STABLE, QUONSET HUT 12, DISPOSAL, ARK.

AFRAID OF A CAMERA RIP-OFF?

HIDE YOUR EXPENSIVE IMPORTED CAMERA INSIDE OUR HOLLOW, PLASTIC

ARGO CAMOUFLAGE II!

Why walk around scared half out of your wits that some murderous junkie will leap out of the bushes and rip-off the expensive, imported camera hanging from your neck, especially now that camera theft insurance is close to impossible to obtain, and, if you can *get* insurance, the premiums each year are higher than the price of a new camera?

Convincingly "cheapens" your camera treasure while allowing you full access to all controls. Walk *safe* (even if you can't walk proud) with the sensational . . .

ARGO CAMOUFLAGE II

"If you care enough to hide the very best!"

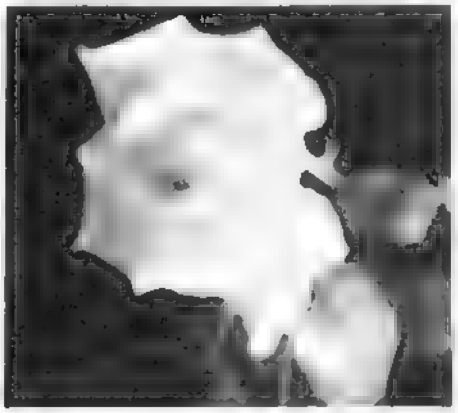
WHAT'S IN THE DEVELOPING TANK?

Hints, Tips, and Obvious Sales Pitches for Gullible Readers

Taiwanic III Doesn't Make It!

Taiwanic III

As must be expected from any import in the under $300 range, we certainly didn't expect much from a camera that lists for $15.95. And we didn't get much, except maybe a few laughs! See for yourself! Pictures were blurred and fuzzy with no detail. Proof positive that you get what you pay for!

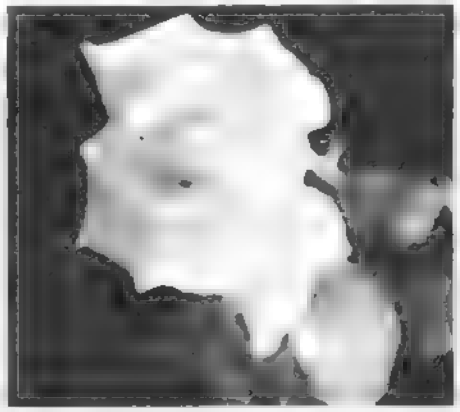


Picture of a flower taken with the Taiwanic III

Bettina CR Makes It Big!

Bettina CR

If you thought the Bettina BQ was a great camera, wait'll you handle the fantastic, new CR model, which lists for $695.00. Using the Zorch 120 mm lens with motorized drive, the artiest shots become a snap, as you can see by the accompanying first prize winner in the Candlewood Photo-Arts Festival. Proof positive that you get what you pay for!



"To A Wild Rose" by Lee MacDowell

Hello, Ultra 8, Goodbye, Super 8!

Ultra 8

Since Super 8 made the old 8 mm camera equipment obsolete, and netted manufacturers a cool billion, they've been racking their brains to find something new to kill off the Super 8 stuff. Now, Bawll and Howll has done it! Look for ULTRA 8 to make its debut before Xmas time—Bigger and brighter than Super 8, Ultra 8 should be a winner. Providing no one catches on that it's just plain, old 16 mm.

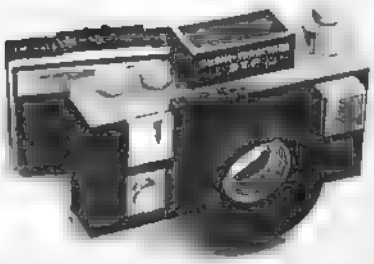
ASHAMED? EMBARRASSED?

Are you tired of those amused, condescending glances and sneers of contempt from other camera buffs everytime you walk in public with some lowly, American made camera slung around your neck? Well, you should be! Everyone knows that the *good* cameras are all imported cameras!

HIDE YOUR CHEAP DOMESTIC CAMERA INSIDE OUR HOLLOW, ALL PLASTIC

ARGO CAMOUFLAGE III!

Convincingly "up grades" your piece of junk to look like the $900 Sushi Terriyaki STP. The only problem you will face is that the Sushi Terriyaki is a prime target for rip-off men! But even that's no problem if you read the advertisement in the upper left hand corner of this page.



ARGO CAMOUFLAGE III

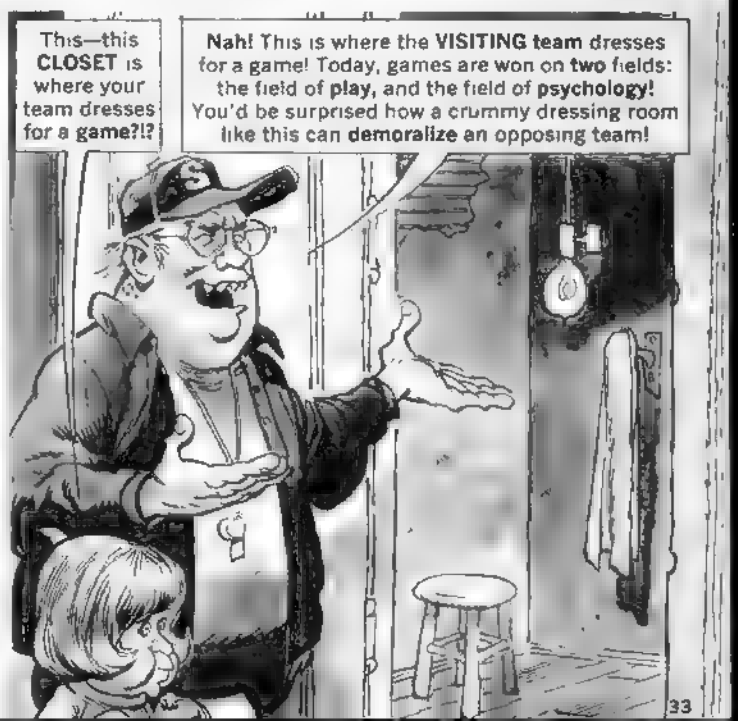
"You can't be sure if it's Argo!"

DOIN' THE VARSITY DRAGON DEPT.

Hi! I'm **Mason Reach,** this issue's **"Sports Personality Interviewer!"** Why **Me . . .** and not somebody more **suitable,** like **Howard Cosell? Because!** So **there!!** Now, let's get on with it, and meet **Royal "Bear" Hades,** who's been chosen as . . .

MAD'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL COACH OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



You sure have a lot of players on your squad!

They aren't players! They're my assistants! Football is a highly specialized game! It calls for specialized squads and specialized coaches to train them!

Undt vot iss diss?

That's a football, Coach Himmelring! That's the ball that the game is played with!

Diss is vye zey sent for me?!? I don't know from zuch t'ings! I vass told I vood be trainink troops to tackle, torture undt administer punishment! Zat iss my specialty!!

There go my two top assistants! I just couldn't function without them!

Are they in charge of Offense and Defense?

Nope! One is in charge of fixing the High School transcripts so top players can get into our school . . . and the other's in charge of making sure they don't flunk out once they're here!

And this is my star substitute!

He's not much bigger than me! What position does he play?

He doesn't play! He substitutes for my first team players when they have to take exams! He may only weigh 130, but his I.Q. is 160!

C'mon! Let's see some HITTING out there! HIT! HIT! STICK . . .

If that's the team, they don't look much like Football Players!

They're not! They sell programs, hot dogs and the rest of the goodies! My contract calls for 10% of the concessions! C'mon, you slobs! Lets see some hustle! There's gonna be 60,000 people out there Saturday! Move!

Hey, look— we gotta practice Friday night when "Sanford and Son" is on the TV!!

What's wrong with our Publicity Department?! I haven't been on one magazine cover all season! How'm I gonna win the Heisman Trophy with no cover stories?

Do all of your players gripe like that', Coach Hades?

They wouldn't dare! Anybody that don't like the way I run things can turn in his uniform! Having malcontents around is bad for team moral!

Then how come you don't throw THOSE two off the team?

Because THAT would be bad for MY moral! They're both All-American!

Do you have any special plays you use against particularly tough teams?

Here's one I dreamed up . . . "The Hidden Key" play . . .

When the opposing team gets to their dressing room at half-time, they find the door locked! By the time the Field Superintendent is located, and comes up with the Master Key, the other team has spent ten or fifteen minutes standing around in a drafty corridor, getting no rest . . . with no time to plan second half strategy!

What do you find is your **toughest game?** Michigan . . .? Notre Dame? UCLA? CCNY?

Le'me tell you something, Mr. Peanut! My **toughest** game is the **"Recruiting Game"!** If I don't win **that,** I don't play on the **same field** as those teams! I'm prouder of landing **Loony Joe Donn** than I am of beating **Alabama!** That was **some struggle!**

Did he select State because you offered him a **car, clothes, money under the table** and a **job** for his **Father?**

Nah! **290 schools** offered him **THAT!** I nailed him with my **Secret Weapon** . . . my **sure-fire convincers, "THE RECRUIT-ETTES"!**

That's **US!** We give our **all** for **State!** Come to **State,** you little devil, and we'll show you a few plays you won't **find in any playbook!**

Gee . . . isn't he kinda **YOUNG** to be recruited, Coach Hades?!?

Take it easy, girls! This **isn't** a recruit! This is **Mason Reach,** from **MAD!** I was telling him how you girls keep our visiting High School stars from getting **homesick** while they're here, looking over our Campus!

Gee! How does **that** help recruit 'em?

Hey! How old **ARE** you, **anyway,** kid?

Coaches are famous for their **inspirational speeches! Can** you recall your **best one?**

Sure, "If you want a station wagon that's **tough, economical** and **roomy,** try the triple —threat **Shlock 360!"**

I meant to the **players!** You know, a speech that **fires them up** to play their **best ball . . .**

I don't **bother** with **those silly things** anymore! I inspire our guys with **cash bonuses** for **good games** and a **giant jackpot** for whoever wipes out the other team's **quarterback!**

You mean you actually give your players **money** out of your **own pocket?**

Nahh! It comes out of the pockets of **friendly alumni!** We make the jokers **"Honorary Coaches,"** give 'em **hats** and **jackets,** and they don't care **WHAT** they spend!

Then the Athletic Department **never** makes **cash payments** to the **players?**

To quote our great past President– "That'd be **WRONG!"** No, we give 'em batches of **tickets for the games!**

But don't they **"scalp"** the tickets for a lot of **MONEY?**

What they do on their **own time** is **their** business!

What would you say is the **biggest problem** in coaching a top-ranked college football team?

All of the **stupid restrictions** they put on us Coaches! See that guy? He's probably **out** for the **season** with that knee injury!

You said it! It means his **scholarship** is **WASTED!** Now, I gotta **carry** the creep, even though he **can't play!**

That's **terrible!**

OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!

Where are we going now, Coach Hades?

I want to call on a hot High School prospect! But first, let's watch this Peewee League game . .

HIT! HIT! C'MON YOU SLOBS! YOU CALL YOURSELVES "MEN"?!? LET'S SEE SOME HITTING OUT THERE . . .

Do you think that organized football is good for a boy my age?

Best thing in the world for a kid!

Why?!? Because it makes a MAN out of you?

No, because it makes a ROBOT out of you! One season under a "Kill-To-Win" Coach is all a boy needs to be "broken" . . .

. . and that makes him a lot easier to coach when he grows up!

You mean, IF he grows up!!

Here's the place! As soon as I finish studying this "Scouting Report," we'll go in!

Does that report tell you all about the player?

I know all about him! This is a report on his parents!

You mean you scout the parents?

Of course! The key to successful recruiting is to know the correct way to approach the parents . . . which ones should be bribed, which ones should be buttered up, which ones should be conned, and so forth!

Good afternoon, Mrs. Boonesdurry! It's a real pleasure meeting you! Naturally, I hope young Brian decides on State! But if he doesn't, I certainly hope that he chooses ANOTHER university like ours where education comes first! I've always felt that playing football is a fine pastime, but a strong mind is more important than a strong body!

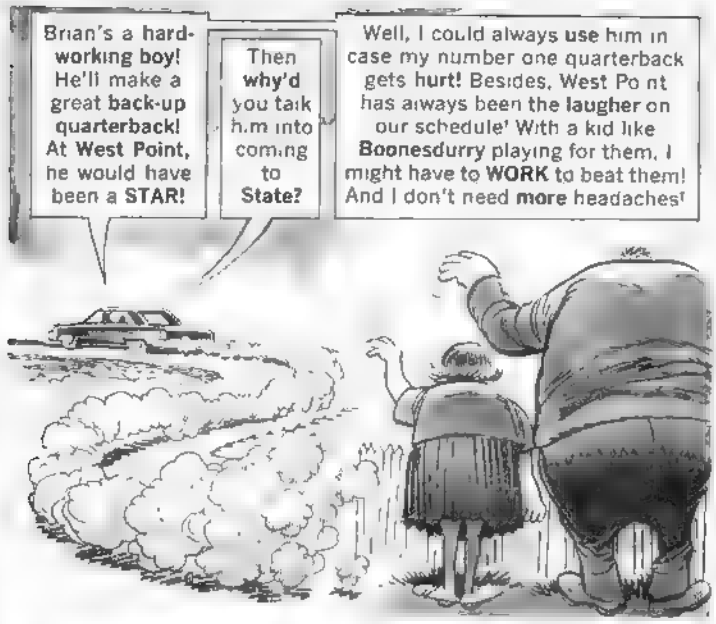
It certainly is refreshing talking to you, Mr. Hades! Those other coaches that were here offered Brian all kinds of money and cars . . it was so disgusting!!

Coach Hades, I still haven't decided between State and West Point! I want to serve my country . . .

Of course you do, son! And Patriotism is one of the things we look for in a boy! Patriotism, speed, size . . . and a good pair of hands! If you REALLY want to serve your country, then come to STATE! What's more American than playing with America's number one college team . . .?!

Sure, West Point's got a team! But what about after you graduate? You can go on to Pro Ball from State! Just think about all our lonely GI's and West Point Officers stationed around the world, listening to you play Pro Ball on Armed Forces Radio? Do you know what our boys in the foxholes talk about? Football scores! Because Football is as American as apple pie!

Gee, how could I have been so blind! Coach Hades . . I'm coming to STATE!

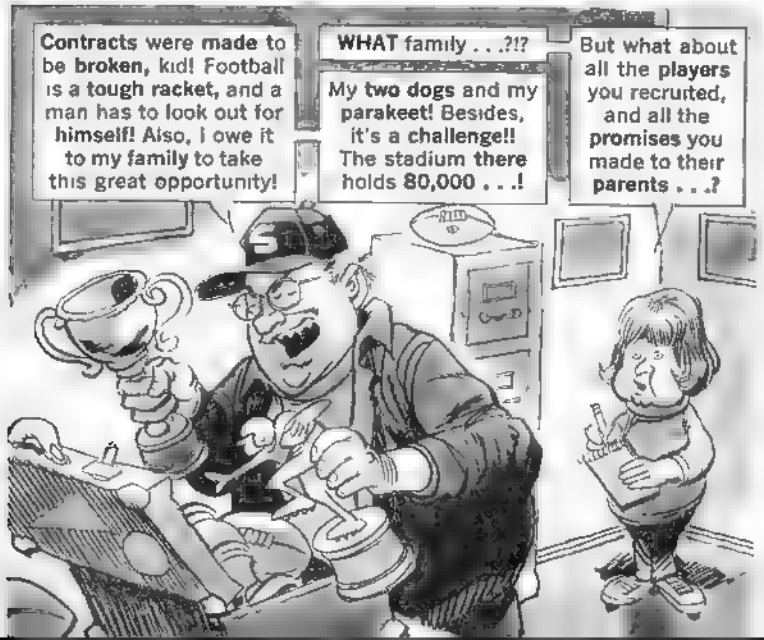

Brian's a hard-working boy! He'll make a great back-up quarterback! At West Point, he would have been a STAR!
Then why'd you talk him into coming to State?
Well, I could always use him in case my number one quarterback gets hurt! Besides, West Point has always been the laugher on our schedule! With a kid like Boonesdurry playing for them, I might have to WORK to beat them! And I don't need more headaches!

MOBILE LIBRARY
Look at those freaks, picketing my office! They're teed off because I get a bigger budget than the Science Department!
Don't you think that Science is more important than Football?
Are you kidding? We draw 60,000 people every Saturday! How many do those eggheads draw?!?
DE-EMPHASIZE FOOTBRAWL!
SPORTS FOR STUDENTS NOT PAID JOCKS!
SPORTS FOR FUN NOT PROFIT!

Ahhh! Those creeps don't bother me! I just signed a ten-year, no-cut, iron-clad contract to coach here at State! I want to spend the rest of my career at this great school! And if I ever get married and have sons, I want them to come to State! I've recruited every boy on this team personally, and they're loyal to me! And that's what I like in a boy . . . LOYALTY!!
BEAT MIDWESTERN!
RRING

Pardon me, son! I gotta take this call!
Yes? Speaking! How much? Listen, I get that already! Up it another ten grand a year, throw in "Athletic Director" and you got a deal! Fine! I'll settle up my business here, and I'll be there faster than you can say "Beat State"!

Listen, kid! I got a scoop for you! You are now looking at the new "Coach and Athletic Director" of Midwestern U.!
But—but what about "loyalty," and your ten-year iron-clad contract with State?
RIP!
BEAT MIDWESTERN!


Contracts were made to be broken, kid! Football is a tough racket, and a man has to look out for himself! Also, I owe it to my family to take this great opportunity!
WHAT family . . .?!?
My two dogs and my parakeet! Besides, it's a challenge!! The stadium there holds 80,000 . . .!
But what about all the players you recruited, and all the promises you made to their parents . . .?

That's THEIR problem! Of course, any players that haven't enrolled yet, I can take with me! After all, Midwestern U. is a fine school with a great tradition, and if I ever have sons, I'd want them to go to Midwestern . . .
I think this is where we came in, so . . . this is Mason Reach, signing off for MAD Magazine!

FATE ACCOMPLI DEPT.

IT'S BAD TIM

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally reach your 21st birthday

. . . the same day your local theater decides to quit showing porno movies because of the Supreme Court ruling.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you've played right field all season, and not one ball has been hit to you

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally spot the answer to a tough question on your neighbor's Exam Paper

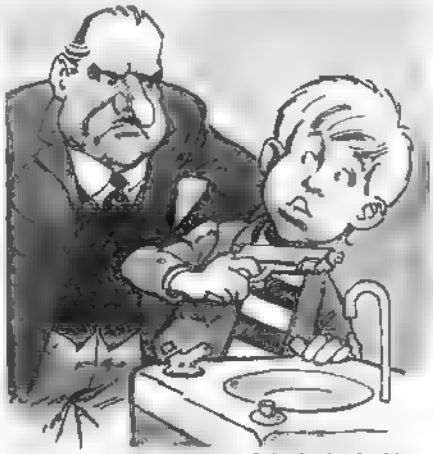
. . . just as they announce "Time's up!"

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you go to the bank to make a deposit

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you're filling your Water Gun at the hall drinking fountain in your school



. . . just when the Principal decides that he's thirsty and wants a drink.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally try your first puff of pot

ING WHEN...

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

. . . until it's the last inning of the Championship Game, and bases are loaded!

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

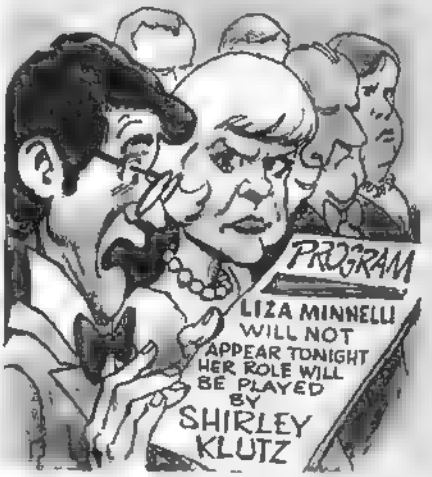
after spending the season on the bench, your Coach finally puts you in the game

. . . the very same moment the opposing team sends in a huge 250 lb. monster.

. . . and they decide to hold it up while you're standing in line with your cash.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally get tickets to a Hit Show



. . . and the Star is sick that night!

. . . the night the Cops bust your Dorm.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

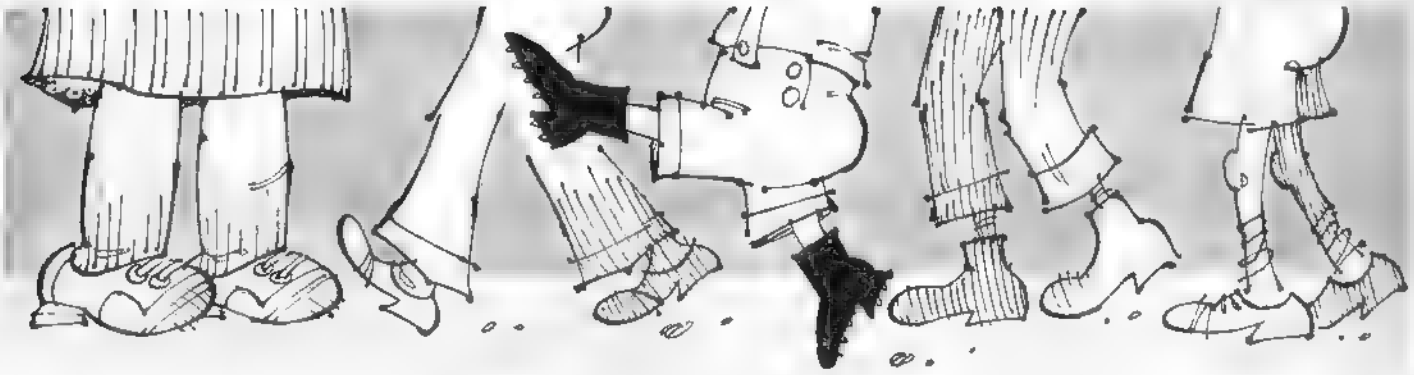
you bring home a poor report card

. . . the same day your father was chewed out by his Boss, his train was late, and your mother announces that her mother is coming for one of her extended visits.

SHOE BIZ DEPT.

FOOTNOTES*

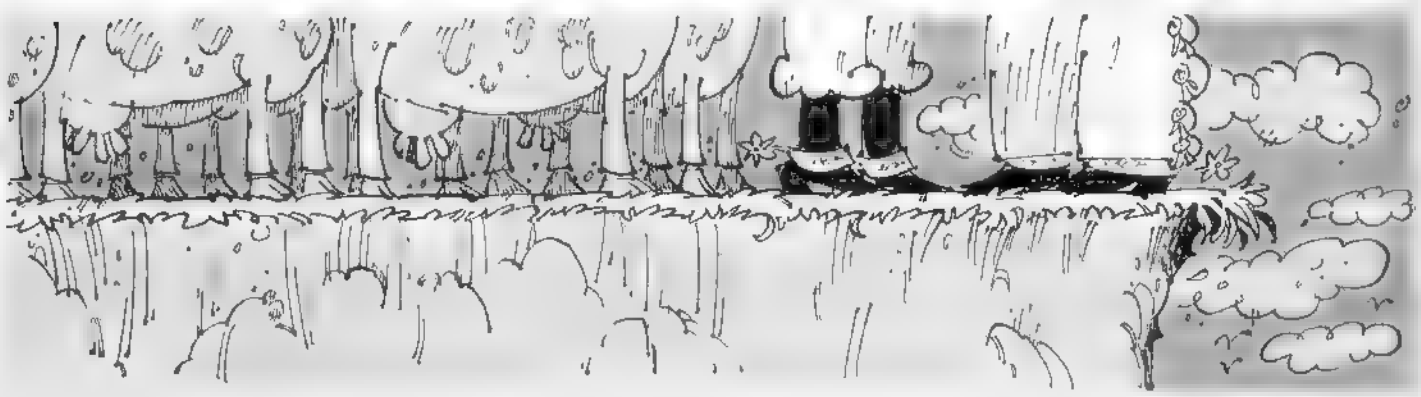
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



*"Adolf . . . can't you walk like the other boys?!?"

*"You sure know how to throw a party, Lucrezia-a-a-a-a-aaaggh . . ."

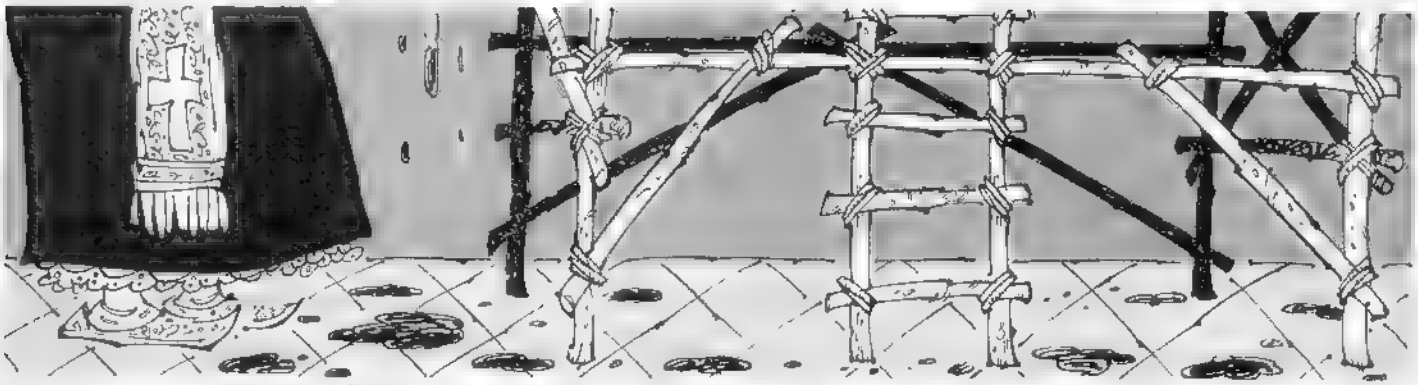
*"One of these days, David, you're going to hurt somebody with that slingshot!"



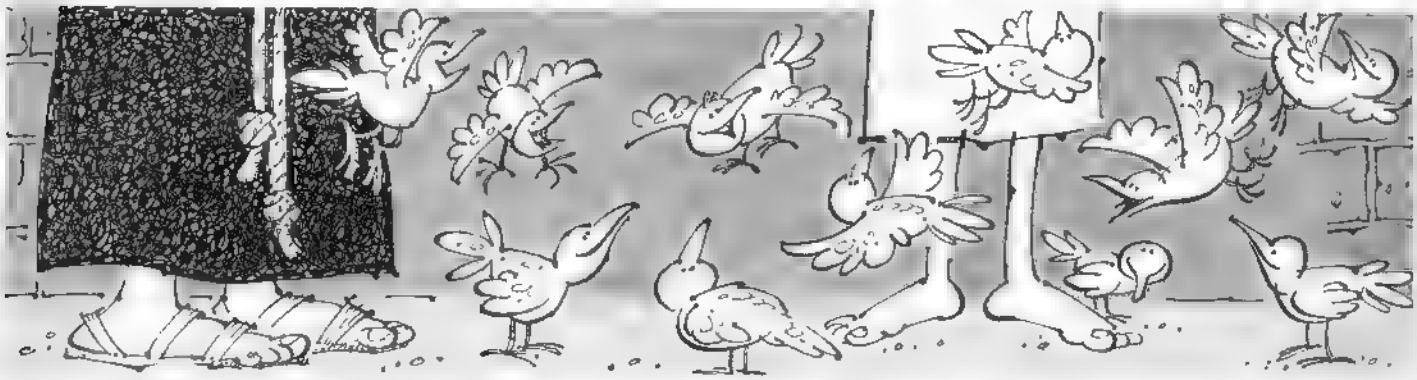
*"Okay, Mr. Chisholm . . . which way do we go now?"

TO HISTORY

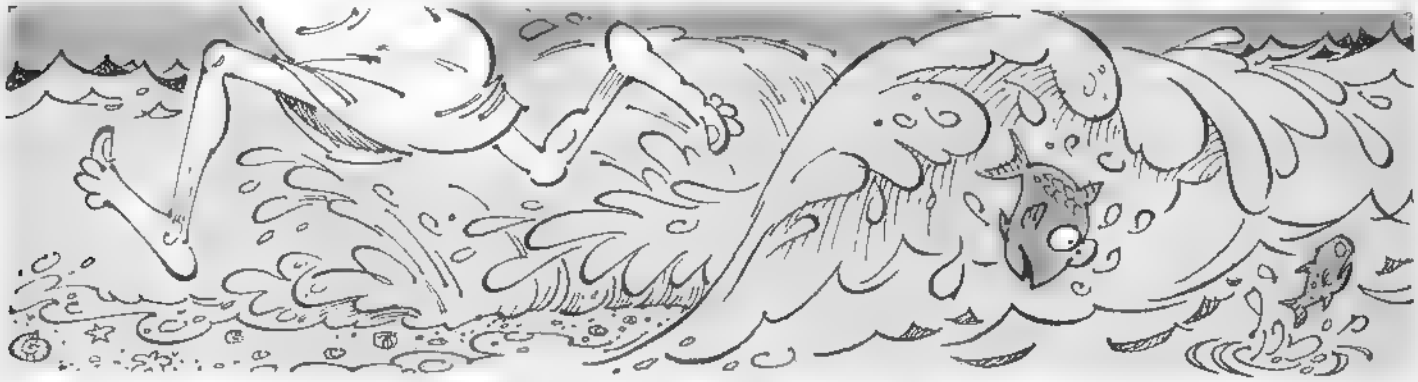
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



*"Would you mind very much using a dropcloth, Michelangelo?"



*"Stop playing with the birds, Francis, and come finish your Latin homework!"

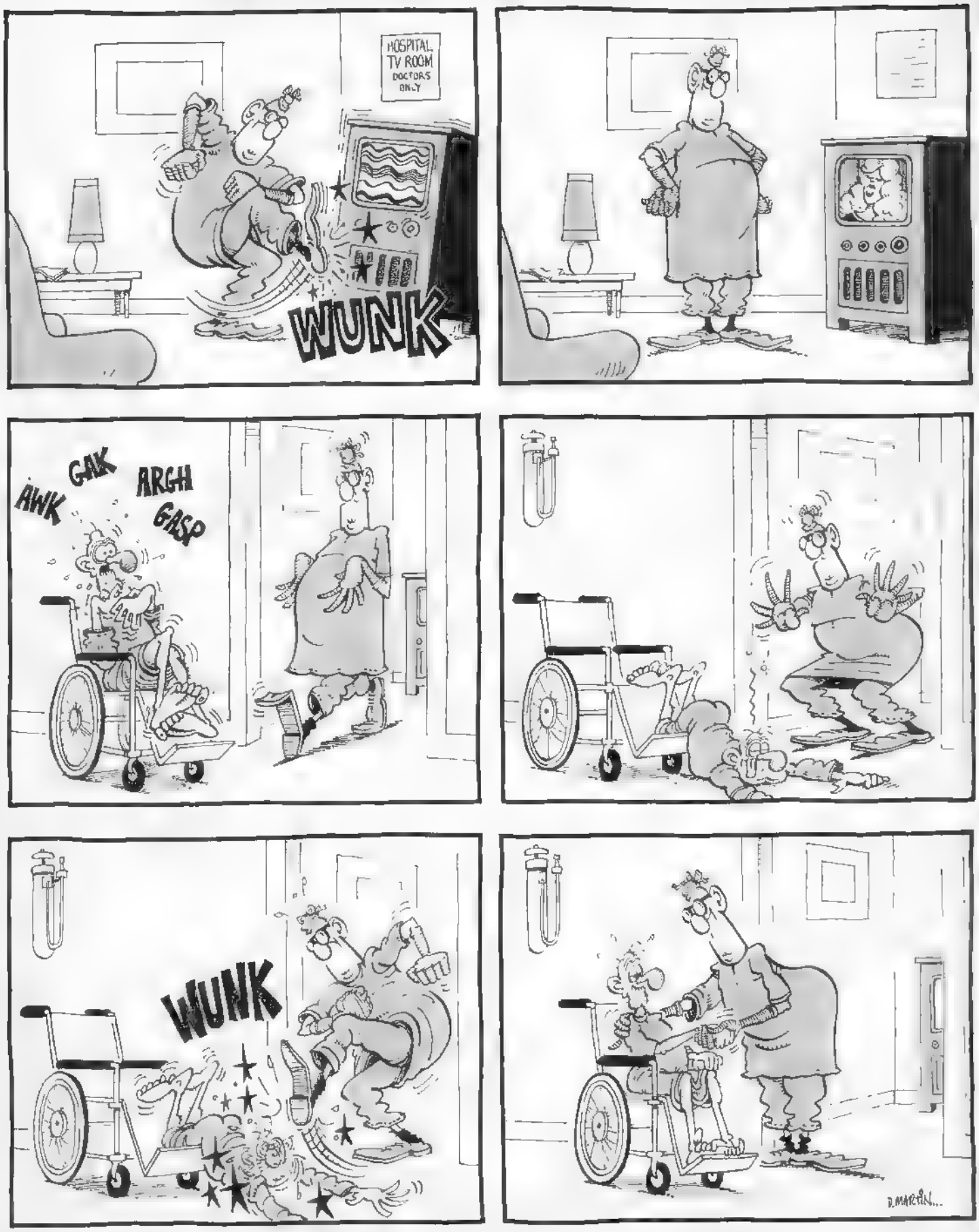


*"Moses! Moses, hold it! Wait for me!!"

*"Orville! Wilbur! Come down here this instant!"

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE DAY IN A HOSPITAL

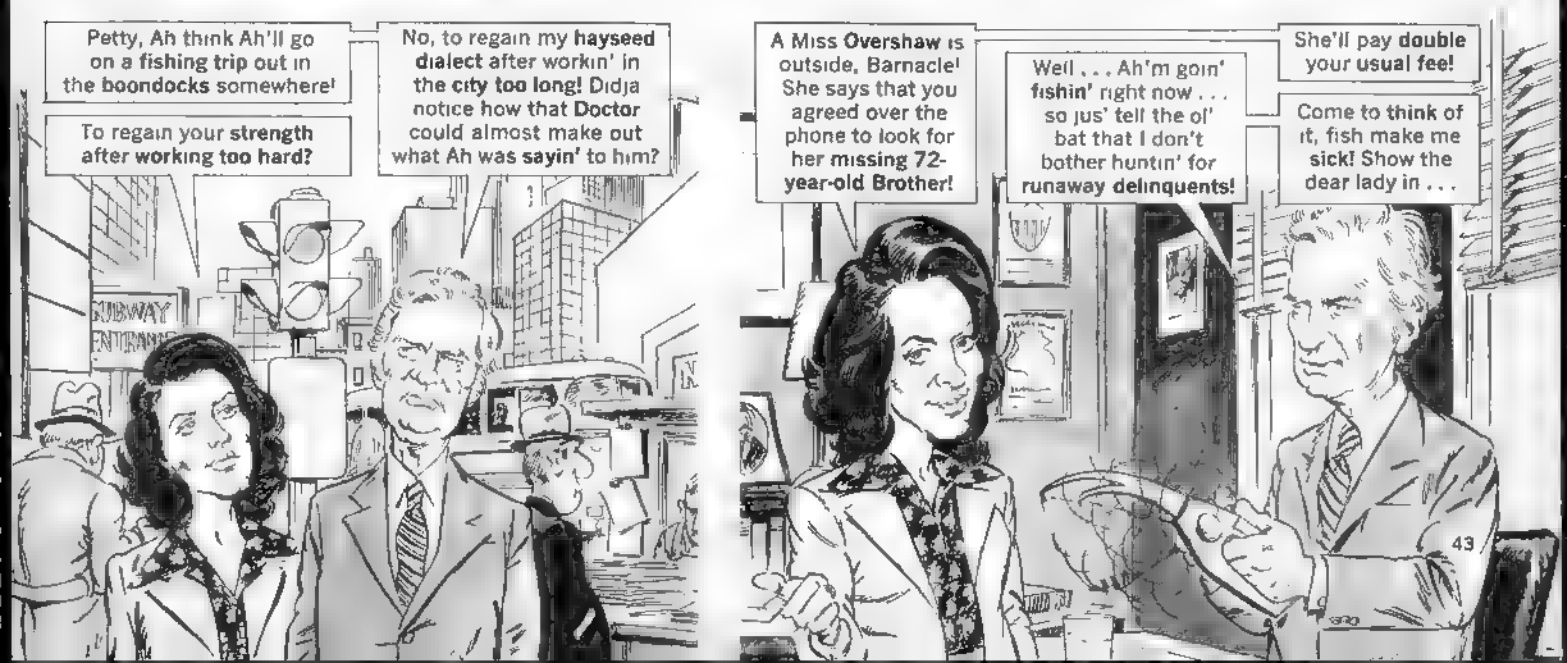


TIRED BLOODHOUNDS DEPT.

Despite its shortcomings, Television has given us a wide variety of programs to suit every taste. At the mere flick of a channel selector, you can have your choice of a fat detective, an Indian detective, a black detective or a detective with the physical handicap you enjoy most. But for a truly incredible experience, MAD recommends you tune in TV's only Senior Citizen detective:

BARNACLE GROANS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: TOM KOCH



You're kind to help me find Hubie, Mr. Groans! But why did you ask me to take the wheels off m·· car and bring them here?
Finding things stuck in tire treads can tell me where a feller's been!
Couldn't you have come DOWNSTAIRS to look at the tires?
Walk SIX FLIGHTS OF STEPS at my age just for THAT! Don't talk foolish!
GROANS PRIVAT
Isn't it unusual to have this expensive crime lab equipment when the rest of his office is so crummy?
Maybe! But Barnacle insists he's too young to wear glasses! So the only way he can examine clues is with a $5000 microscope!
Let's mosey up to Dullsville, Patty! Because applyin' my sophisticated equipment and keen deduction to this scrap of paper stuck to the tire, Ah know that's where the missin' man is!
No . . . from what's printed on it! It's a ticket stub from the Dullsville Drive-In Movie!
That's amazing! Can you tell from a chemical analysis of the paper . . . ?
Hunt around here for your missing man if you want to, Pops! But I think you should know one thing: This can be a mighty unfriendly little town!
YOU ARE NOW ENTERING
DULLSVILLE
NOSEY OLD STRANGERS, KEEP OUT
Oh, yes, Mr. Groans! This message, just came for you!
Hmmm! Ah don't know anyone here in Dullsville! Ah wonder who coulda sent it!
Most anyone in town! We're ALL unfriendly here! Which also might explain why I'm charging you $30 a day to sleep in a broom closet next to the boiler room!
WHILE YOU WERE OUT
CALLER Anonymous
MESSAGE WhoO boy Are You IN Trouble NOW
This puts me in mind of somethin' my Daddy used to say to me . . . "Never swap a healthy cow for a three-legged mule!" An' Ah 'member another time when he said to me, "Never—
Please! Take the Bridal Suite . . . the Penthouse . . . ANYTHING! Just stop with the cornpone philosophy!
Nice going there, Barnacle! It works every time!
PEORIA
DULUTH

In case you forgot, I'm your SON'S WIDOW!! Why didn't you get us separate rooms?!?

'Cause Ah 'member what happened to my boy the day after your Honeymoon! He jus' keeled over and died smiling! Ah'd shor like to go out the same way!

But . . . what about Hubie Overshaw?!?

Let him find his OWN girl!

BED 25¢

Barnacle, I think we see too much of each other! In three years, you've never given me one day off to lead my own life!

Well . . . I figured havin' you around is indispensable!

Because I'm the perfect secretary?

No, because you're the perfect blood type! If I need a transfusion fast, I can't waste time huntin' for you!

Well, that saves a dime! There's only one Hubie Overshaw in the phone book, and callin' him is pointless!

Really? Why?

'Cause if he answers, that means he's home! But the one that we're huntin' for is missin'! And if a feller's home, he ain't missin'! That's elementary criminology!

Somehow, your explanations always sound more like advanced senility!

TELEPHONE

We haven't got a single clue except that picture of Hubie his sister gave us, Barnacle! Why don't you track down clues like other Detectives?

'Cause I rely strictly on my quaint charm and phony naivete! Why bother with clues, when I can nauseate suspects into giving up?

Mighty Friendly Little Tavern

BILGE BEER

Watch me shovel some of my quaint charm on this Bartender to make him talk without arousing any suspicion!

Bartender, bring me a glass of milk . . .

MILK?!?

We hate inquisitive strangers, Stranger! You're just lucky we haven't caught you checking up on our crooked Police Chief!

Or poking around the Mayor's office!

Or, worst of all, spotting new graves in the cemetery!

How come you nice fellers are givin' me all those swell clues

Because without our help, you'd never find the best place in town to get your head bashed in!

Barnacle, a man your age shouldn't scuffle with a mob like that!

Pshaw! Us Private Eyes all fight a lot, and the bad guys never even lay a hand on us!

That means you're all right, then?

No, it means I fell down and sprained my whole body BEFORE they even laid a hand on me!

Say, do you know where I can find this missin' man before I get killed completely?

Don't bug me! I'm a mighty unfriendly li'l drunk!

Dag nab it! Is everyone in this town mean and vicious?

Yep! The newspaper editor is Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan! The school principal heads the Book-Burning-Of-The-Month Club! The Mother Superior of the convent is really Frank Sinatra's bodyguard in drag! And . . .

There's somethin' peculiar goin' on here! It just don' figure that 100% of the folks in this town would be nasty and rotten! After all, the national average is only 92%!

It's a plot to keep me from finding Overshaw! Tomorrow, I'll grill the Mayor while you hunt for new graves in the cemetery like they warned us not to do!

Why can't I talk to the Mayor, while YOU go to the cemetery?

Petty, when a man as old as me goes to a cemetery, it ain't worth wastin' the gasoline to come back!

Are you sure you never saw this man around Dullsville!

Positive! Sorry!

Oh, that's okay, Mayor! Ah'm used to it! Sometimes, Ah run into a lot of dead ends before Ah cleverly find the one clue that cracks the case wide open!

ZAP that old duffer! He's close to finding out everything! He CAN'T be as stupid as he acts!

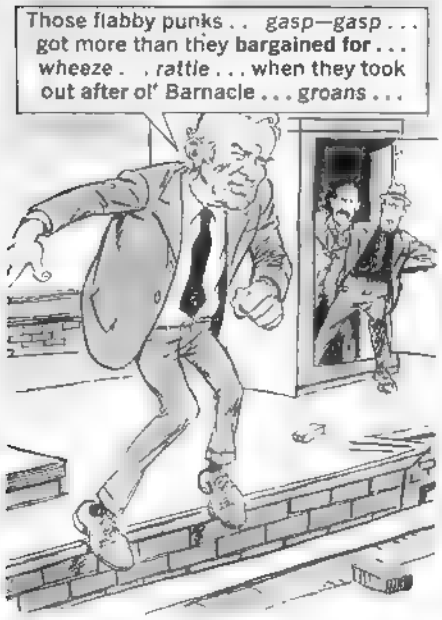
But suppose he really IS that dumb?!?

Then we can call it a MERCY KILLING!

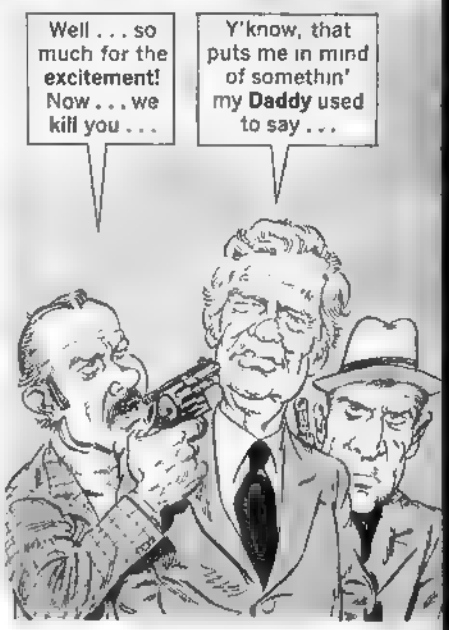
Hold it right there, Old Timer! We gotcha!!

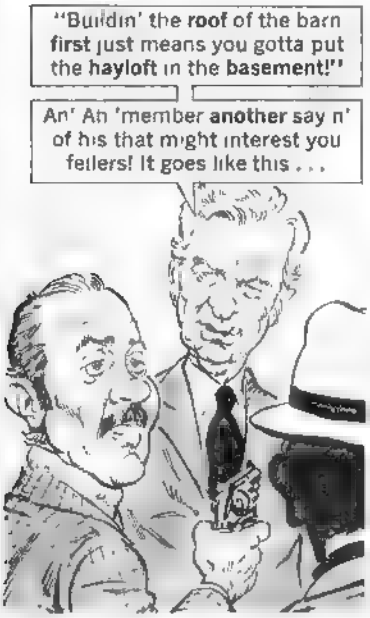
Dad burn it! Even the HOODLUMS in this town are mighty unfriendly!

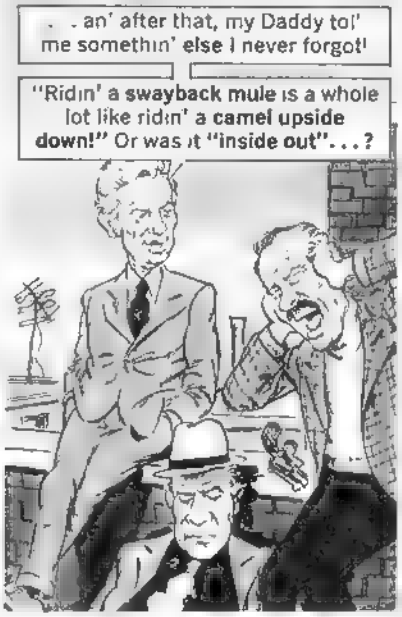
Sure lucky for me . . . *puff—puff* . . . that I always . . . *pant* . . . keep in top notch . . . *wheeze* . . . physical shape . . .

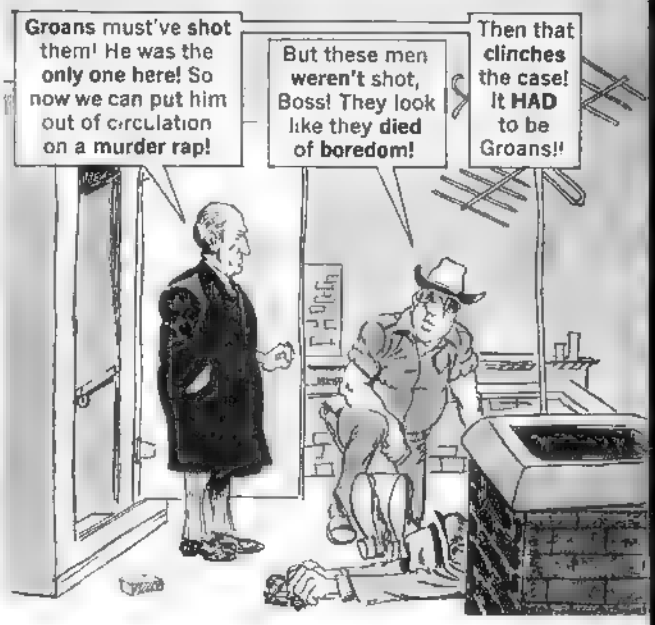

Those flabby punks . . . gasp—gasp . . . got more than they bargained for . . . wheeze . . . rattle . . . when they took out after ol' Barnacle . . . groans . . .

Time out! King's X! Fins! Fingers crossed!
Aw, for Pete's sake! We ran as slow as we could to put some excitement into this stupid chase!
Now, you spoiled it all! You could've just stepped across there! But, NO . . . ! You had to be a big SHOW-OFF and try to JUMP across!!

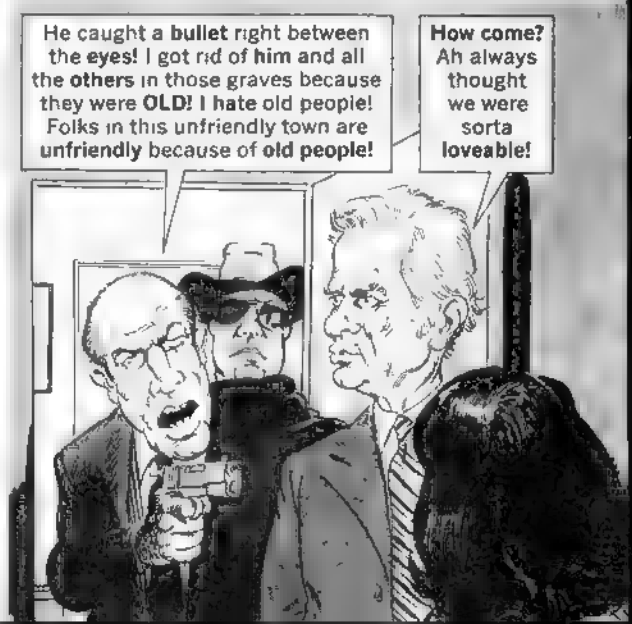

Well . . . so much for the excitement! Now . . . we kill you . . .
Y'know, that puts me in mind of somethin' my Daddy used to say . . .


"Buildin' the roof of the barn first just means you gotta put the hayloft in the basement!"
An' Ah 'member another say n' of his that might interest you fellers! It goes like this . . .


. . an' after that, my Daddy tol' me somethin' else I never forgot!
"Ridin' a swayback mule is a whole lot like ridin' a camel upside down!" Or was it "inside out" . . . ?


Groans must've shot them! He was the only one here! So now we can put him out of circulation on a murder rap!
But these men weren't shot, Boss! They look like they died of boredom!
Then that clinches the case! It HAD to be Groans!!

I got nuthin' t' report, Petty! The Mayor didn't even act a little bit suspicious! How'd you make out?
Well, I found several fresh new graves in the cemetery! And ONE of them was marked "Hubie Overshaw"!
Hmmm! I've been lookin' high and low for him . . . but I guess I wasn't lookin' quite low enough! I wonder what he caught that proved fatal . . . ?
MIGHTY UNFRIENDLY LITTLE TOWN
NOSY OLD STRANGER MENACES TOWN


He caught a bullet right between the eyes! I got rid of him and all the others in those graves because they were OLD! I hate old people! Folks in this unfriendly town are unfriendly because of old people!
How come? Ah always thought we were sorta loveable!

You wouldn't think so if you lived in a town with a crooked Mayor! Here, the young people are sore because their taxes keep rising to pay for what the old people need, plus what I steal! Luckily, I devised a great new plan for Government ECONOMY . . . mainly, kill off the old people!

Viewin' the problem impartially, Ah reckon that could balance the budget!

And now, Groans, I've got to kill YOU . . . because you found out about it!

Oops! Ah think Ah jus' stopped viewin' the problem impartially!

It's no good, Boss! I'm taking you in!

Even for a crooked COP, 13 murders is an unlucky number!

Besides, we stopped being best friends after you built the Dullsville Freeway from your house to your office . . . right through my bathroom!

But I HAD to cut expenses on that because OLD AGE PENSIONS were costing so much

Hey! What's Old Age Pension?

Dumbbell! That's what a town has to pay all its old codgers who can't collect Social Security!

Okay! What's this Social See-cure-itty?

Are you kidding, Groans?!?

Barnacle, it's incredible! You thought you had to keep on working because you'd never heard of Social Security?

Yep! Unless maybe Ah heard of it when I was too young to get it . . . and when I was old enough to get it, Ah was too old to remember Ah'd heard of it! That makes sense, don' it?

Oh, sure! Just enough to convince me that you should retire immediately!

After you tell Miss Overshaw about Hubie, I'll notify the Social Security people that you're ready to quit work and let the U.S. Government support you!

Sounds like a mighty fine arrangement! Imagine . . . gettin' paid jus' for bein' OLD!

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING DULLSVILLE DON'T HURRY BACK . . . EVER

Bang! Bang! I gotcha, Blackie! You're dead!

I'll be the crook, and you guys chase me through the abandoned warehouse!

OLD DETECTIVES' RETIREMENT HOME

Ain't fair! You get to be the crook every day! It's my turn!

Raise your hands, Mr.!

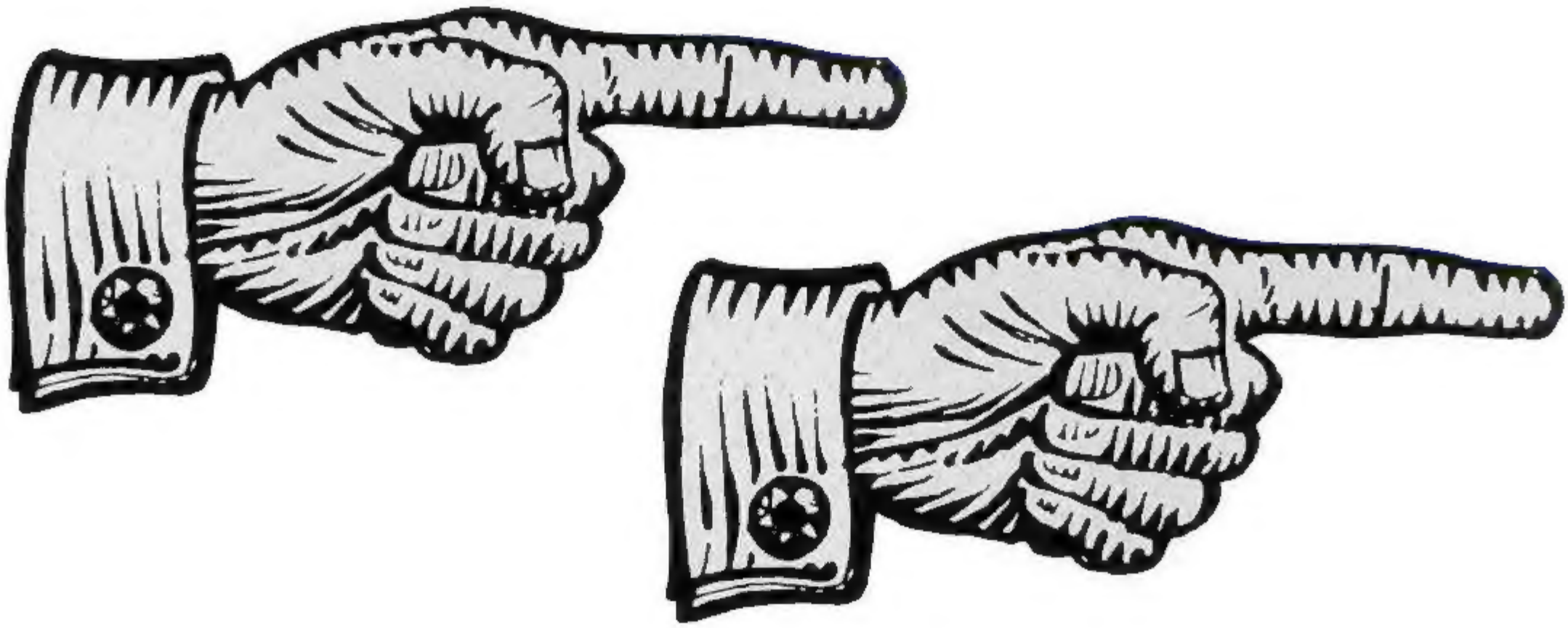
I—I would if I could . . . but I can't! My lumbago is killin' me!

In my prime, I found John Dillinger's gun moll! What did YOU find, Old Timer?

Me? Ah found somethin' that beats that eight ways to Sunday! It's called Social See-cure-itty!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



A ►

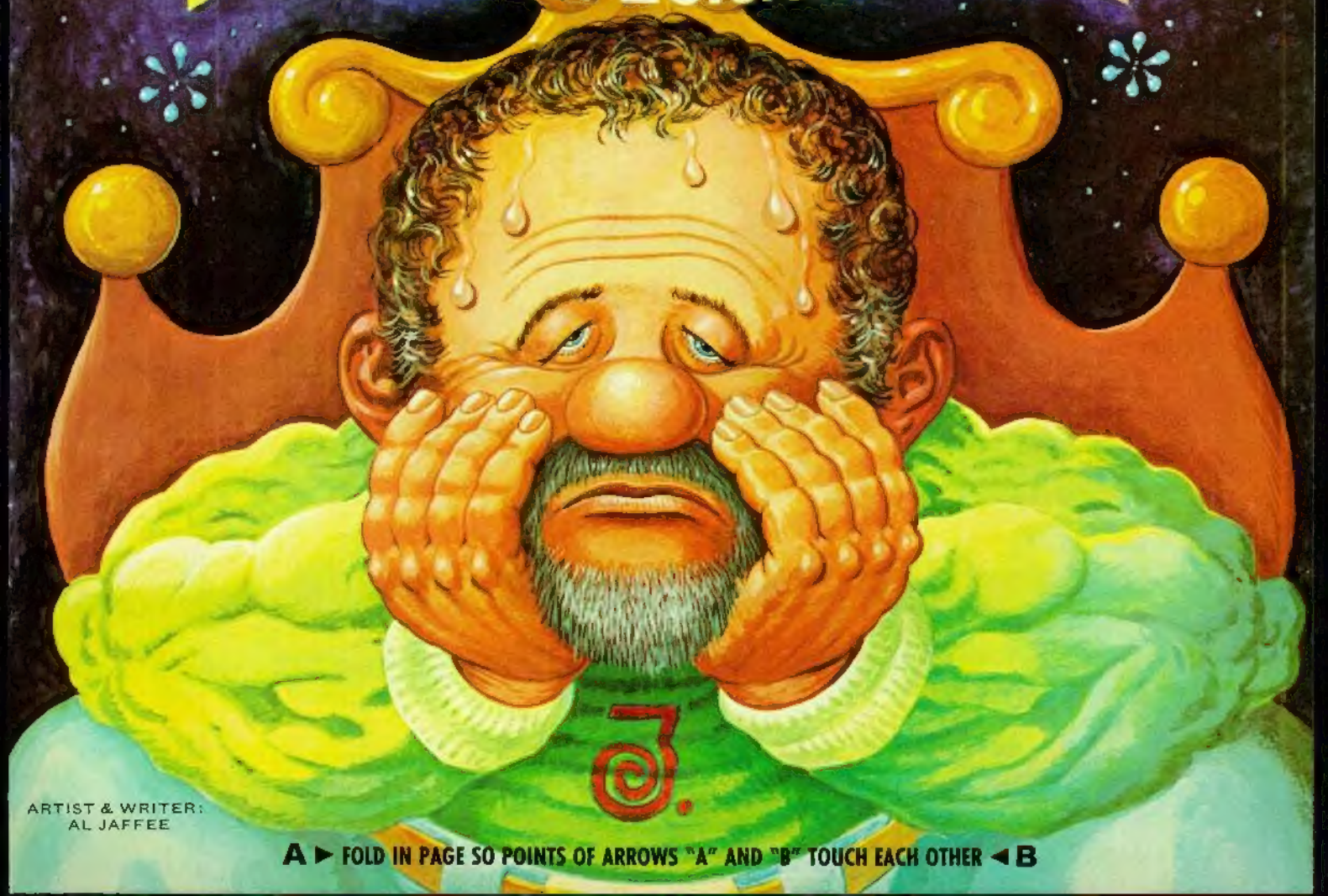
◄ B

MAD'S FOLD-IN FOLDS WITH THIS ISSUE

DUMB
STUPID
JERKY

GROSS
DOPEY
IDIOTIC

HUMOR IN PERIL
APPALLING IDEA
NO MORE VITRIOL
FOUL DECISION

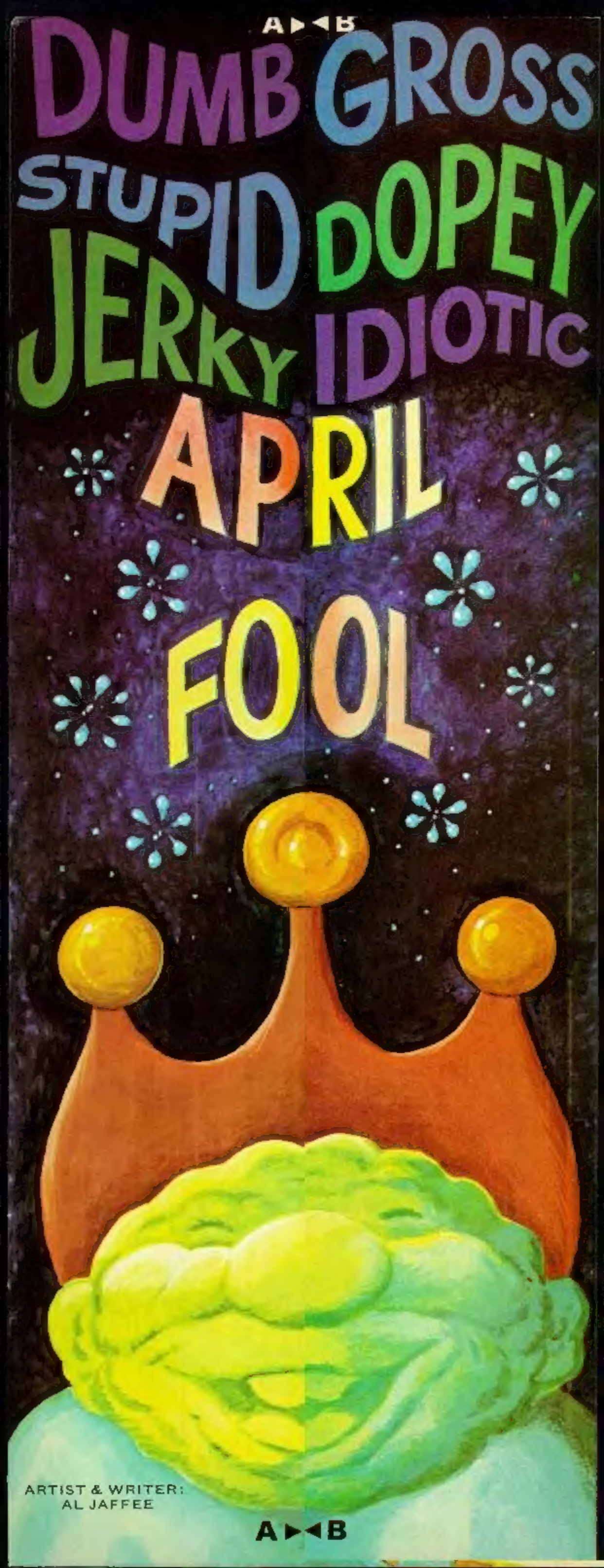


ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ► FOLD IN PAGE SO POINTS OF ARROWS "A" AND "B" TOUCH EACH OTHER ◄ B

A▶◀B

DUMB GROSS STUPID DOPEY JERKY IDIOTIC APRIL FOOL



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶◀B

Ms. LIBERTY

ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER

ARTIST: MUTZ IDEA: AL JAFFEE